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1984

MAGAZINE

NUMBER SIX

JUNE 1979

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JAMES WARREN

Editor
W. B. DuBAY

Assistant Editors
CHRIS ADAMES
JIM STENSTRUM

Production
SAM BERDICIA
JAMES IMES

Circulation
MIKE SCHNEIDER

Cover
JIM LAURIER

Authors
BILL DuBAY
AL REDZONE
JEFF ROVIN
JIM STENSTRUM
JAN STRNAD

Illustrators
RICHARD CORBEN
ABEL LAXAMANA
RUDY NEBRES
ALEX NINO
JOSE ORTIZ

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THE WARHAWKS 6

Warner Hawk never knew his mom. He was raised by his seven dads on their secret Pacific atoll. Warner's dads were mercenaries. They won World War II single-handed. But it had been all downhill since then. They never received the recognition they deserved. And that pissed Warner off!



IDI AMIN 23

Chased by Ratmen, hounded by Muties, evading stewpots around every corner, poor Idi had been maligned and persecuted. But now his ordeal was about to end. He was in America. All he had to do was to find a talented surgeon, willing to restore his long-lost, nearly-forgotten manhood!



SKYLAB 34

Krenk and Pousse were simple Titanian Slugblobs, hurtling towards Earth for a weekend of sun and sin. Like most Titanian males, Krenk had been through this marriage routine before. He had copulated twenty-three mates into their graves. He prayed that Pousse was made of sterner stuff!



MUTANT WORLD 43

The sentinels who guarded the thick steel doors of the mammoth underground complex, were bored. They saw the mutant as a source of lively fun. But Dimento fooled them. He was no fun at all. He had only one thing on his dimly-lit mutant mind: A pretty and very top-heavy young girl!



TWILIGHTS END 51

I must have been a sap volunteering for the assignment. I mean, I could have been on Halcyon hobnobbing with the upper crust, or taming the tiger-women of Triffid. But no! Like an ass, I opted for the money and drew a weekend in the boonies, taming a world still wet behind the ears!



REX HAVOC 61

The ferocious Rex Havoc stomped boldly into Africa's deepest wilds, met at every turn by snakes, crocodiles and man-eating plants who would sooner eat your leg off than to look at you. He would not be swayed from his holy quest. He sought the immoral one: She-who-must-be-okay!



incoming telemetry



FROM 1984 TO ETERNITY?

Warren's new magazine 1984, isn't so new anymore. It's been around for a full year now. And I must say that it has been a very impressive first year, indeed.

Most new magazines seem to flounder for the first year or so of publication, seeking out both direction and identity. But 1984 has boldly striven forth, plodding bravely into the wasteland of the future, exploiting and exploring the possibilities of tomorrow as quite no other magazine has before.

I can't say that I've always agreed with some of the prophecies foretold in your stories. I don't really believe that Idi Amin will single-handedly cause the downfall of the human race. Nor can I accept a future peopled with slimy groaties and functional illiterates like Rex Havoc. That, however, does not make these stories any less pleasant to read.

I do prefer, however, the Clarissas and Dimentos whose believability is entrenched a little more firmly in probable realities. And I enjoy the occasional story like "I Wonder Who's Squeezing Her Now," which reaffirms my personal belief that social relationships of tomorrow will be pretty much the same as they are today.

I look forward to many more years of 1984, and to the endless possibilities of alternate futures to which the magazine will transport us with each new issue.

JORDAN AINSWORTH
Omaha, Neb.

1984 magazine has been around for five issues already, and I'm crazy about it.

I'll have to admit, however, that you had me shook up when issue number five was delayed. I thought for sure that 1984 (the magazine) had been cancelled. Please, no more messing around like that. I have a frail heart!

A.L. MINDY
Chicago, Ill.

1984 #5 was delayed several weeks while we switched national distributors. A.L. Nothing to worry about, though. The magazine is back on its unswervable frequency of six times a year. And, as our cover boasts, you can expect much more sex, sin and immorality in months to come!

One thing I've noticed about 1984: you open every issue with a story illustrated by Jose Ortiz, and close every issue with an offering by Abel Laxamana. All of the artists in-between seem to have their assigned position in the magazine, also.

This makes for easy reader identification. We certainly know what to expect even before opening each new issue of 1984. But does this also mean that we won't be seeing artists other than those who have become "regulars" in the short time that 1984 has been on the stands?

LYNN CRELLIN
Camden, Del.

Certainly not, Lynn! Warren Publishing and 1984 in particular take great pride in publishing the stories and art of the most talented people producing comics today, whether they have previously appeared in our magazines or not. While we do endeavor to maintain a consistent identity from one issue to the next, you will in coming months be introduced to new artists and authors whose work we feel meets our rather rigid standards of excellence.

I really enjoy the stories in 1984. But I'm continually bothered by the vast amounts of lettering that proliferate throughout almost every panel.

Hand lettering is so difficult to read, and seems both awkward and archaic in a magazine purportedly heralding in the future.

Wouldn't a nice modern machine-set typeface give your otherwise-excellent magazine the futuristic look it demands?

ADRIAN BROXTON
New York, N.Y.

As Mork from Ork would say, "Whoa! Deja-vu!"

We've been acutely aware of the dated look hand-lettered balloons have given our magazine, Adrian. But quite frankly, we've been hesitant to make the switch to machine-set type, fearing that the end result would look much too stilted.

We've decided to shelve those fears for this one test issue, however, and give our readers a chance to decide what they like best: the time-tried look of human lettering that we know and love? Or it's more-modern mechanical cousin, making its long-awaited debut this issue?

We would really like to hear your views.

I've seen copies of the first issue of 1984 selling at anywhere from ten to twenty-five dollars! And believe it or not, they're going fast, too!

The mere three dollars you're charging in your back issues ad is a steal. But I've a feeling that your supply of back issues won't last long and prices for those golden oldies will shoot clean through the roof.

JEFF GREENFIELD
Los Angeles, Calif.

You just might be right, Jeff. For some mysterious reason there's been a run on back issues of 1984 since our back issue ad first appeared last issue. We're sorry to report that copies of issue number four are gone forever. And at the rate the remaining issues are disappearing, it won't be long before copies of 1984 will be harder to find than the Gutenberg Bible.

WE LOVE YA, BUT SO LONG, IDI!

Idi Amin is my all-time favorite comic character. And your series about him isn't bad either.

STELLA JACKMAN
Robeline, La.

I really love your Idi Amin series.

Oh, I know the stories are dumb and lack action, plot and dramatic flair. But the very idea of taking no less an illuminary than Idi Amin Dada, the biggest asshole in an endless stream of political assholes the world seems to be culturing these days, and giving him his own funny book series, is sheer genius!

I'm really going to hate to see Idi go. I know the man's days are numbered. And when he goes, my favorite series can't be far behind.

SHARON DELEVAN
Haverstraw, N.Y.

We think you'll agree that our timing couldn't be more perfect. Shar. Idi bites the dust with this issue of 1984 ... in more ways than one!

Boy, just you guys wait! In a couple more months you won't have Idi Amin to kick around anymore! And then will you be sorry!

JILL LEHUA
Pahoa, Hawaii

Hell, we're sorry now! We know we're never going to find another comic book hero as entertaining as Id!

IS 1984 BECOMING A PRO-HACK REFUGE?

I was very pleased to see the excellent artistic talents of Mike Nassar in the pages of your recent 1984. It's too bad, however, that his debut in your magazine was marred by such a trite, inarticulate script.

Even Nassar's excellent artwork, superbly enhanced by Alfredo Alcalá's brilliant inking, could not save a story that should have been roundfiled in the idea stage.

BEN WEISS
Cartwright, Calif.

I sincerely doubt that the story "The Box" would ever have been published if the author were anyone other than a "name" writer in the comics industry. Such illiterate shit is a graphic example of what to expect when you buy a man's name first, and his abilities as an afterthought.

PENNY SCHUYLER
Morrisonville, Ill.

More and more Marvel and National Comics' alumni seem to be searching out a home in the pages of the Warren magazines. And it's very sad. Because next to the Warren regulars these so-called "writers" come across looking like the true pro-hacks that they have been primed to be!

PERLEY KINLOCH
Marston, Mo.

Let me make one thing clear up front. There are writers whose work I will pay \$1.50 to read. And there are writers whose ramblings I would not pay 35¢ to wipe my ass with. And never the twain shall meet. Because if it does, I will feel ripped-off, insulted and very prone never to lay out \$1.50 again. Catch my drift?

ANTHONY BYAN
Waskom, Texas

1984 PUERILE PORN?

Jim Warren's magazines are heterogeneous collections of quality and crap, of which 1984 is the epitome. The fifth issue is no exception.

Alongside such puerile porn as "The Greatest Hero of Time and Space" and "Idi and the Ratmen of Hunger Hollow" by Alabaster Redzone and Strontium Whitehead, we find Nicola Cuti's "I Wonder Who's Squeezing Her Now," a masterful blend of realism, paranoia, satire and romance that is nothing short of a classic. I've been waiting years for you people at Warren to come up with a fresh new magazine concept. It's a pity the editor cannot exercise more discretion when selecting stories.

LEE BREAKIRON
Middletown, Ct.



LETTER HACKS HACKED

Looking through the letters pages of 1984 #5, all I see are crappy complaints from the same nice fairy-boys who no doubt found Star Wars filthy and indecent.

Come on, you jerks! Get off 1984's back, will ya? If there's one thing I hate it's someone frothing at the mouth with an endless list of minor grievances.

Can't you people read 1984 in the spirit in which it's written? Enjoy it! Laugh with it! But quit the incessant bitching!

T. DOUGLAS
Ontario, Canada

Comics are simply wonderful, aren't they? They are the only entertainment medium in the world where writers and editors are blatantly attacked by their readership for providing the kind of material the readers have been screaming for all along.

Knowing this, it's easy to see why comics are uniformly condemned by the general public. Not because they are comics, per se. It's the asshole mentality of comic readers that have tarnished an otherwise inoffensive image.

KEN BERMAN
Browning, Texas

How can you print such one-sided, obviously slanted trash?

I'm not referring to any of the stories in 1984. I'm speaking about the letters column, Incoming Telemetry, from issue number five.

There wasn't one letter that praised the labors of 1984's energetic young editor. However, there were almost a dozen which condemned him on every level from intellectual impotence to sexually-retarded physical deformities.

I cannot believe that readers of so obviously an enjoyable publication as 1984 would repay the one person who has striven harder than anyone else to give them that enjoyment, with insults! Only in America, boy! Ain't it sad!

BONITA GRAHAM
Sunflower, Kansas

ASSKICKERS FANTASTIC!

The best continuing character series to appear in any Warren magazine, are those monster mushers known as The Ass-Kickers of the Fantastic!

Your recent parody of the 1951 film classic, The Thing, was unflawed, and itself a classic of tongue-in-cheek humor!

If anything, Rex Havoc is the best thing in 1984. And there's not a trace of unnecessary sex or violence to mar it.

TIMOTHY PAXTON
Oberlin, Ohio

Rex Havoc would just not be Rex Havoc without the beautifully rendered, meticulously painstaking artwork of Abel Laxamana. The man is the absolute best artist ever to appear in the pages of a Warren magazine!

MILTON OBERON
Northboro, Mass.

Jim Stenstrom continues to be the only author in 1984 (or any of the Warren magazines) who is earning his pay. His stories are always crisp, original and a pleasure to read.

I was delighted to see two of his features in the fifth issue of 1984. That was a rare treat indeed; one that I always look forward to.

NICOLLET DuCHARME
Wayzata, Minn.

I'd like to just say a few words about Abel Laxamana. It burns me up when I see the same few artists and writers praised over and over by readers in your letters column, while other, equally-deserving talent, is neglected.

We all know that Richard Corben is the best comic artist working today. We are blatantly aware that Alex Nino is the most phenomenally imaginative illustrator ever to drag a brush across a comics page. And we have heard over and over again how wonderful Rudy Nebres is to be rendering mere comics instead of retouching the Sistene Chapel.

But how often have we heard the rather quiet work of Laxamana praised in such glowing terms?

I, for one, believe the man to be an artistic genius! His work looks as though it has been lavished with painstaking love, and deep consideration for the elements of each successive panel.

Laxamana has made the Rex Havoc series the most beautifully rendered series since Hal Foster's legendary Prince Valiant. I sincerely hope his career with Warren Publishing and 1984 is a long artistically-fulfilling one.

CAROL BECKER
Felton, Calif.

Good evening,
Ladies and gentlemen. This
is Morley Wallace with another
eye-opening edition of America's
most popular news program,
Thirty Minutes!

In tonight's
segment, we probe
a modern legend, delving for
the truth behind one of the most
charismatic and controversial
figures of our time.



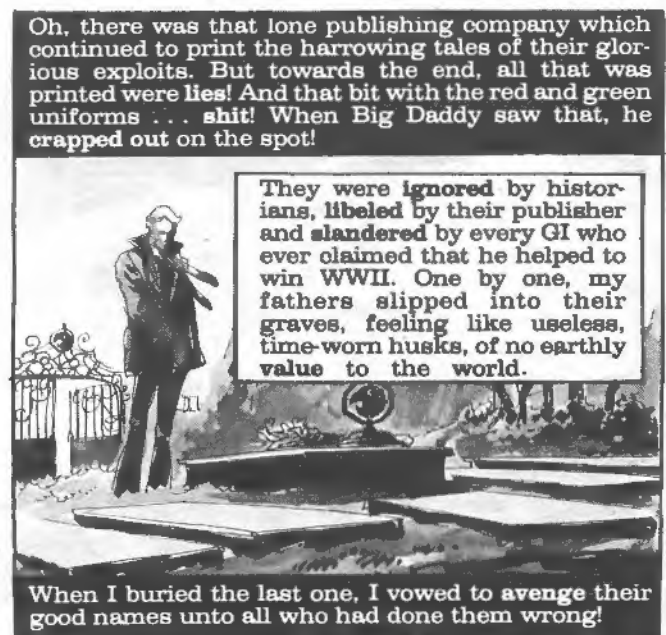
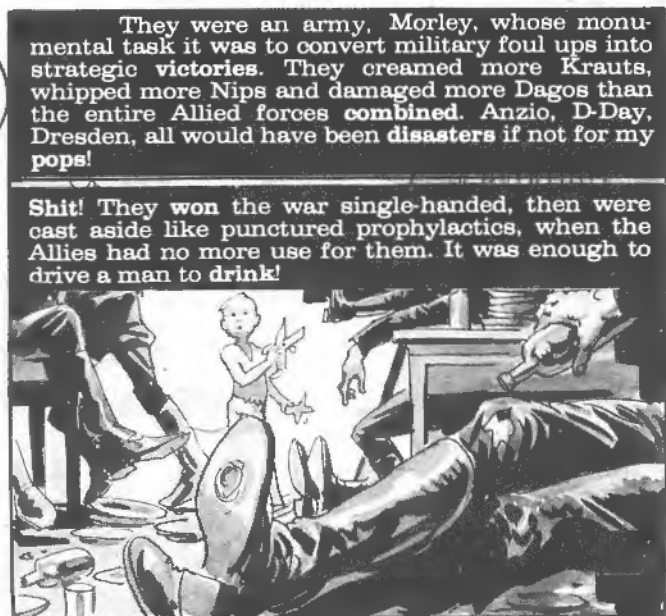
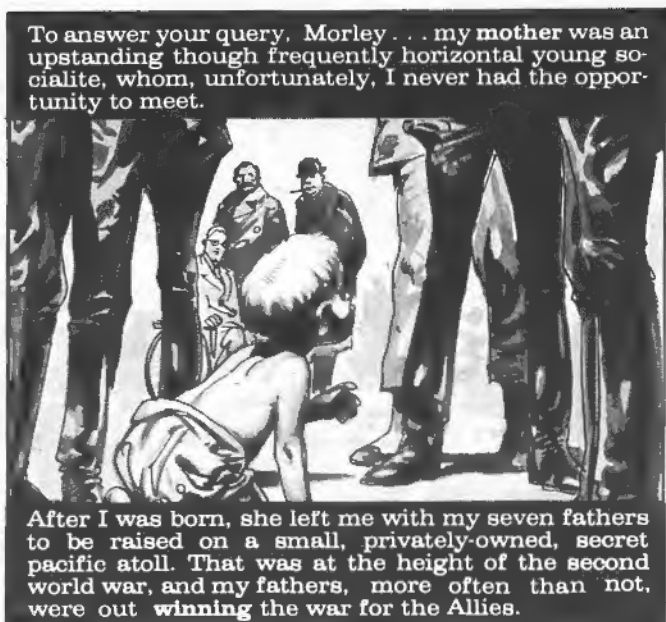
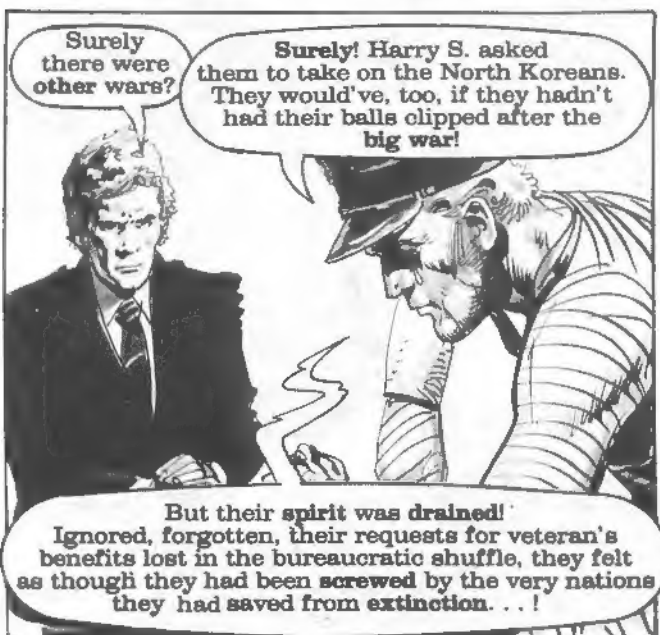
With us this evening
is the fiery-tempered commander
of that headline-making band of
self-employed mercenaries which has
so recently had the unparalleled
distinction of being simultaneously
hunted by the United States
Army, Navy, Marines and
Air Force.

He is the
self-styled vigilante who has
taken it upon himself to enact
retribution for past sins of
the United States
Government.

He is the
man the media
has so caustically
labelled "Mr.
Bitter!..

I take
great pride in
presenting this
exclusive interview
with Mr. Warner Hawk
of the recently-
infamous . . .

THE WARHAWKS!

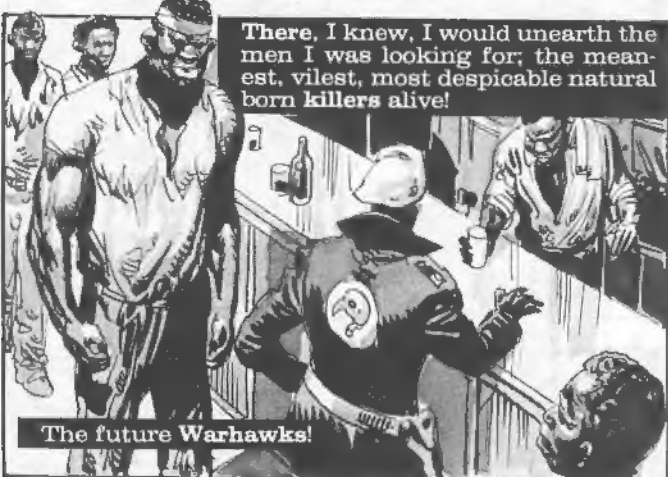


"And that's when you set out to rebuild your father's army?"

Wrong, Morley. That's when I set out to build my army. Oh, I toyed with the idea of retaining the family name, but reasoned that there would never be another fighting team like my dads. There was no reason to drag them from their graves when the spirit of the group alone was sufficient to carry on.

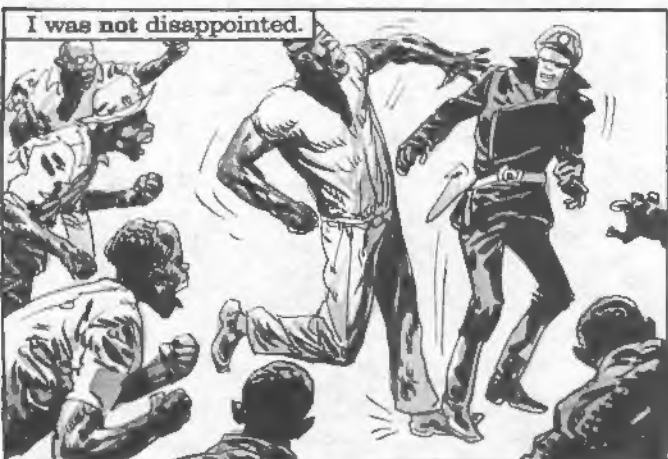


And what better place to find that spirit than in the lowest wharf front dives of Harlem, U.S.A. where blue-eyed blonds feared to tread.



There, I knew, I would unearth the men I was looking for; the meanest, vilest, most despicable natural born killers alive!

The future Warhawks!

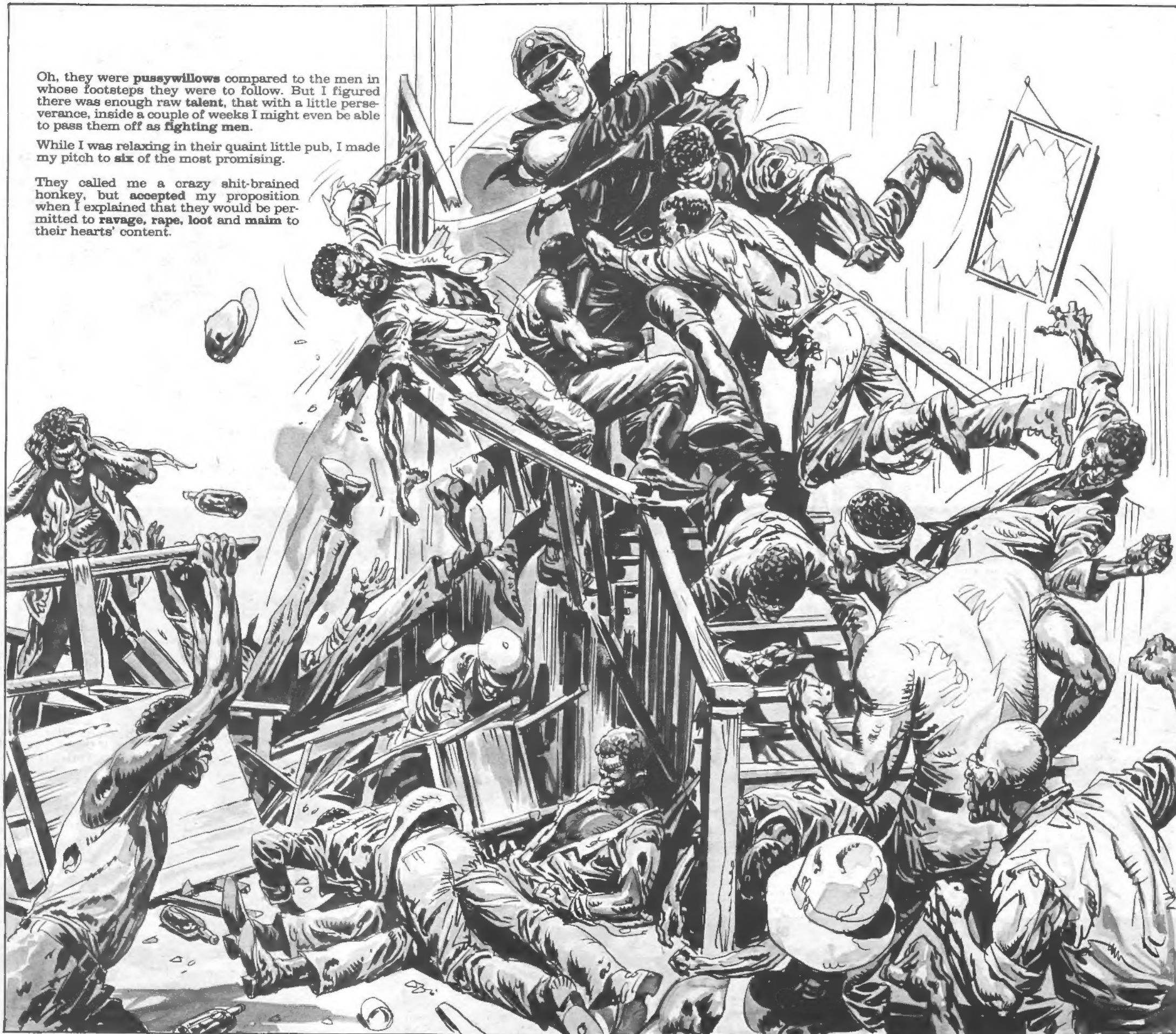


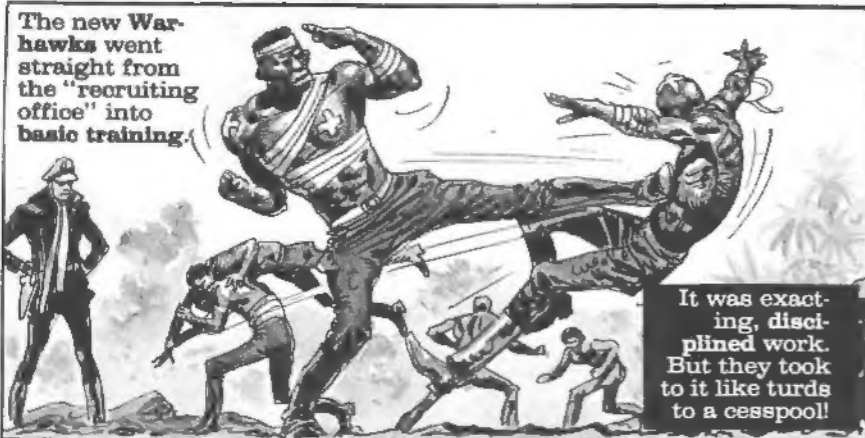
I was not disappointed.

Oh, they were pussywillows compared to the men in whose footsteps they were to follow. But I figured there was enough raw talent, that with a little perseverance, inside a couple of weeks I might even be able to pass them off as fighting men.

While I was relaxing in their quaint little pub, I made my pitch to six of the most promising.

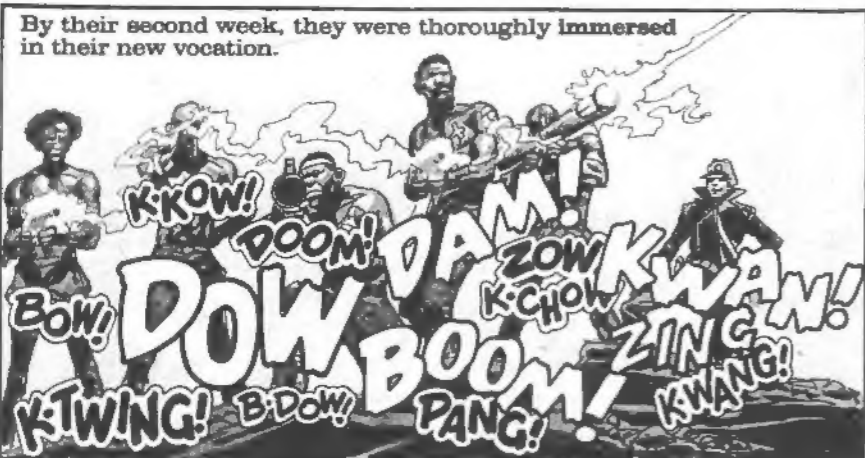
They called me a crazy shit-brained honkey, but accepted my proposition when I explained that they would be permitted to ravage, rape, loot and maim to their hearts' content.



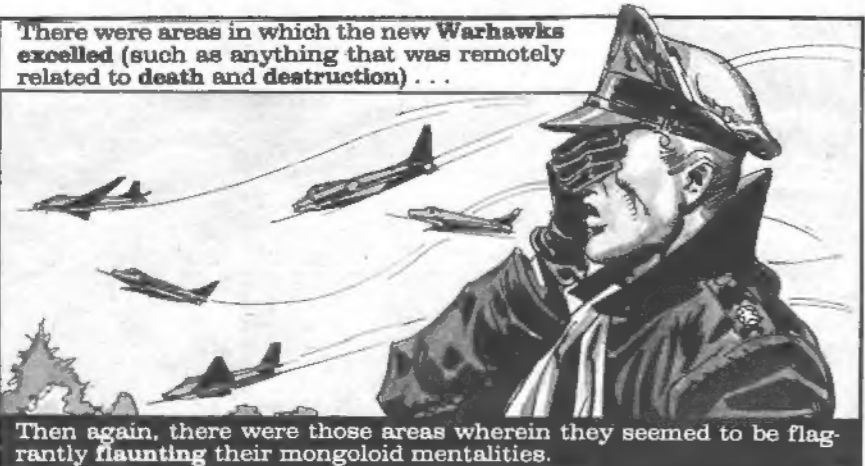


The new Warhawks went straight from the "recruiting office" into basic training.

It was exacting, disciplined work. But they took to it like turds to a cesspool!

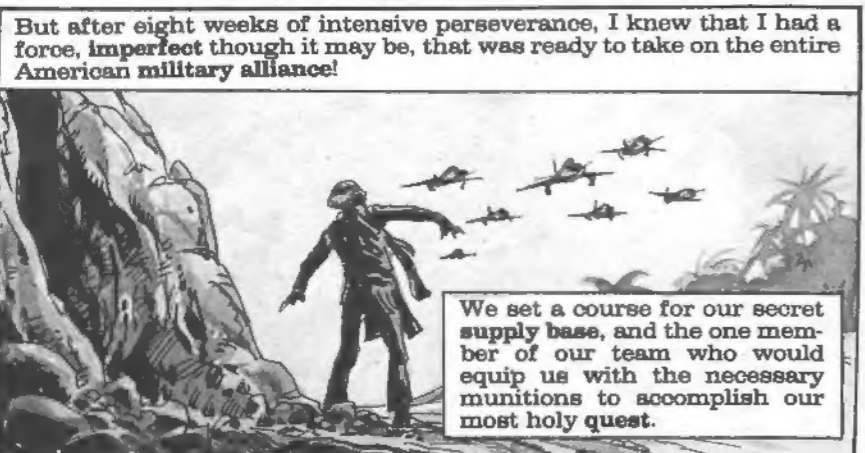


By their second week, they were thoroughly immersed in their new vocation.



There were areas in which the new Warhawks excelled (such as anything that was remotely related to death and destruction) . . .

Then again, there were those areas wherein they seemed to be flagrantly flaunting their mongoloid mentalities.



But after eight weeks of intensive perseverance, I knew that I had a force, imperfect though it may be, that was ready to take on the entire American military alliance!

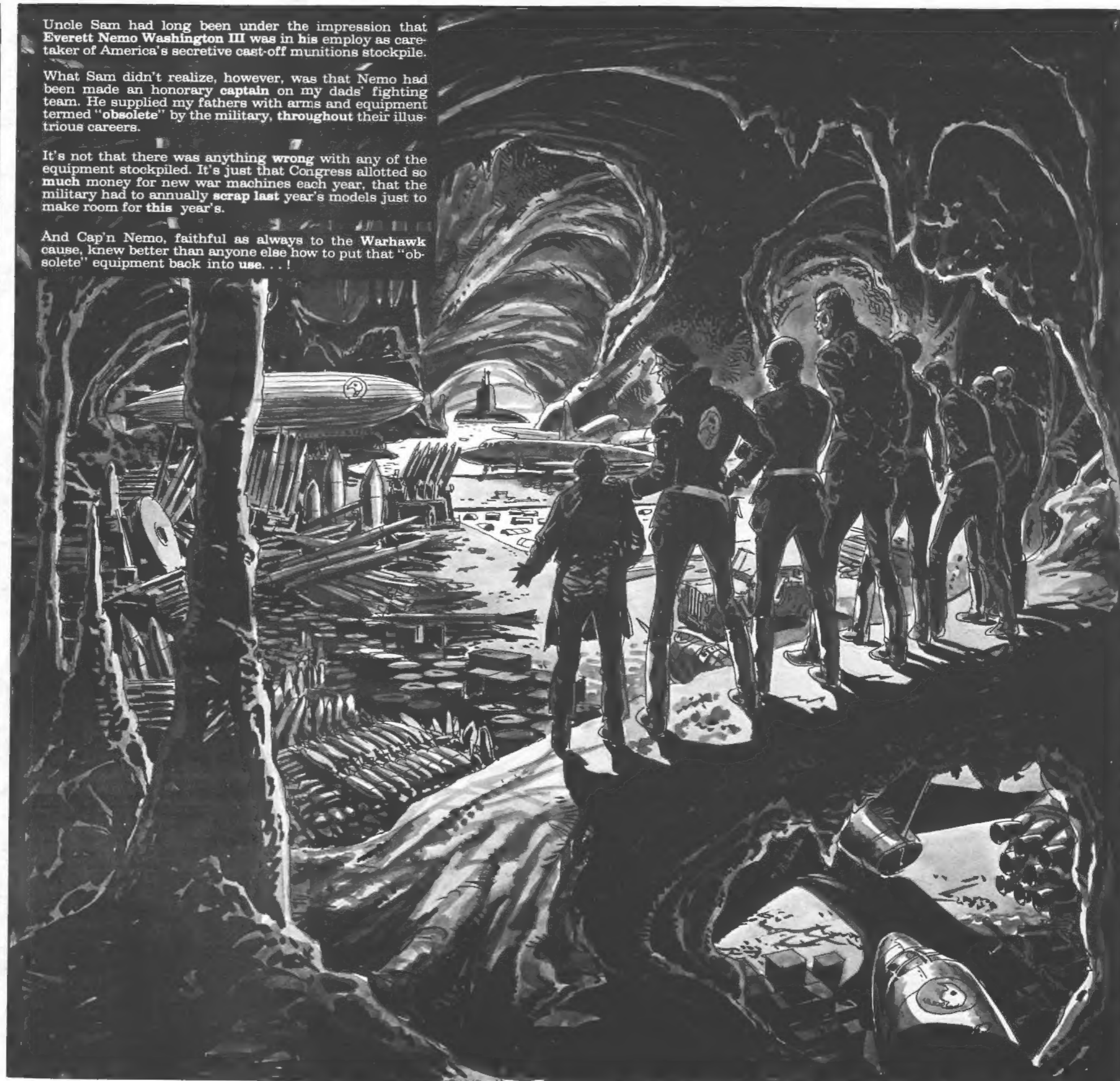
We set a course for our secret supply base, and the one member of our team who would equip us with the necessary munitions to accomplish our most holy quest.

Uncle Sam had long been under the impression that Everett Nemo Washington III was in his employ as caretaker of America's secretive cast-off munitions stockpile.

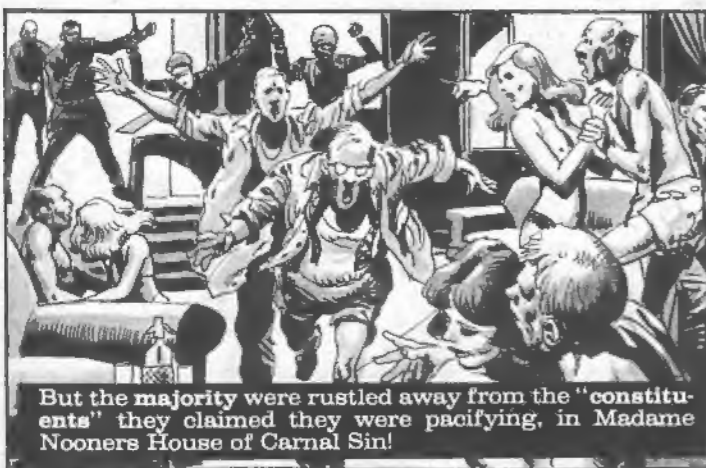
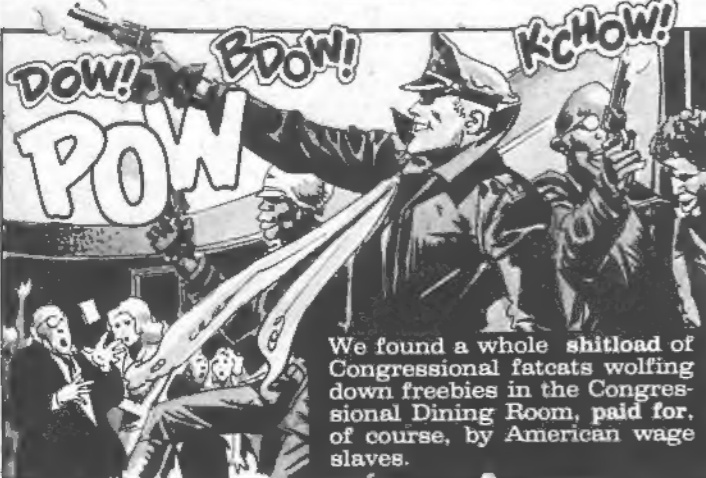
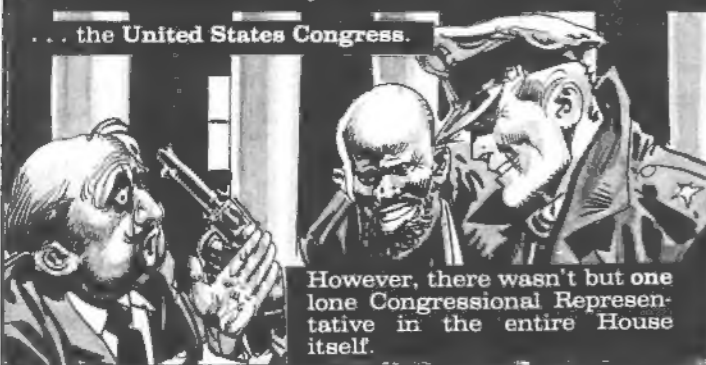
What Sam didn't realize, however, was that Nemo had been made an honorary captain on my dad's fighting team. He supplied my fathers with arms and equipment termed "obsolete" by the military, throughout their illustrious careers.

It's not that there was anything wrong with any of the equipment stockpiled. It's just that Congress allotted so much money for new war machines each year, that the military had to annually scrap last year's models just to make room for this year's.

And Cap'n Nemo, faithful as always to the Warhawk cause, knew better than anyone else how to put that "obsolete" equipment back into use. . . !



From that point forward, the war was on. Our second target was that wondrous organization that robs from the poor to support the filthy rich . . .

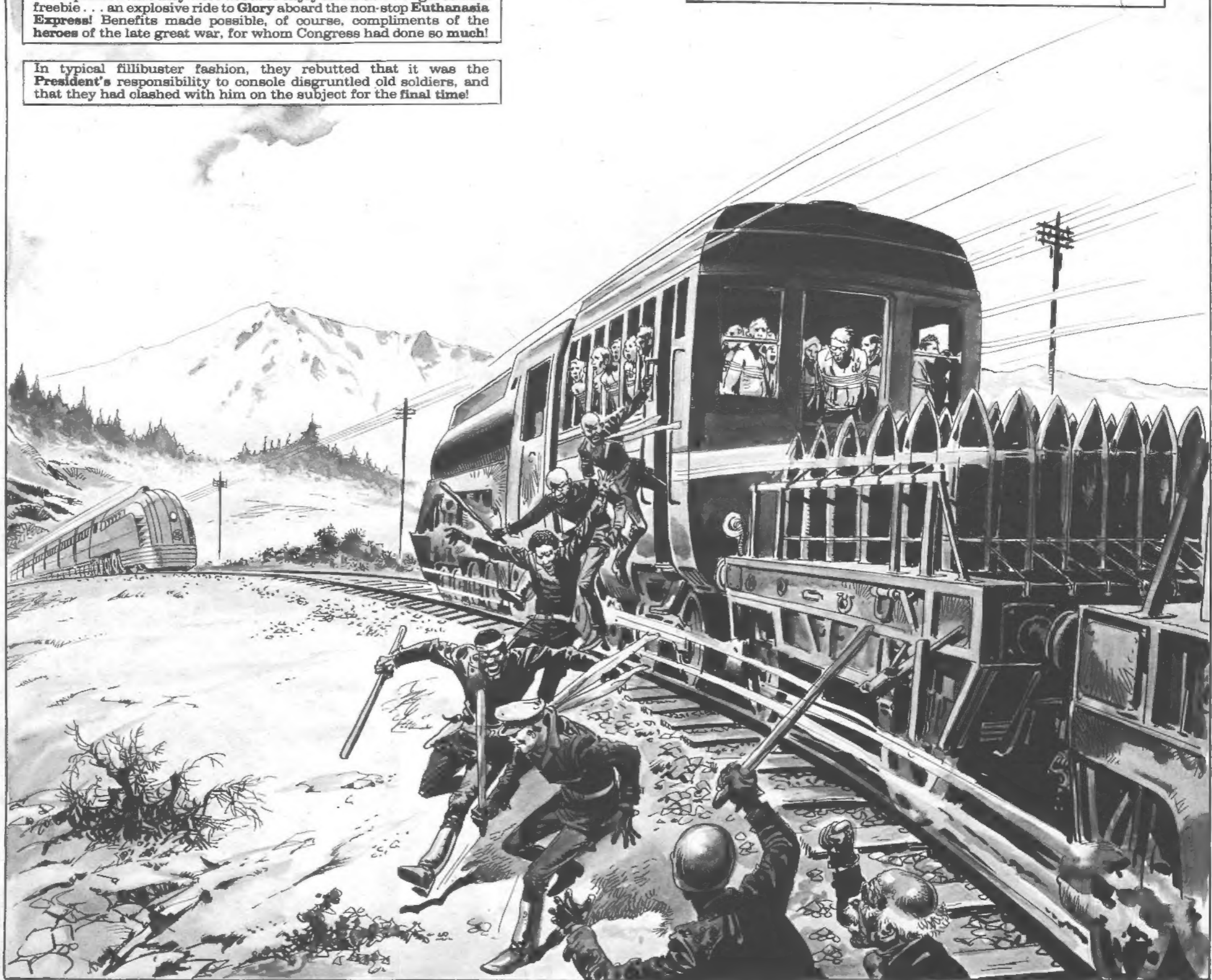


Fat from years of oral exercise, listless from decades of apathetic deliberation, not one of our glorious States' Representatives so much as mouthed a whimpering squeal as we trucked them to the same waiting troop trains that they had scrapped so many years before.

We explained that they were about to enjoy an all-new Congressional freebie . . . an explosive ride to Glory aboard the non-stop Euthanasia Express! Benefits made possible, of course, compliments of the heroes of the late great war, for whom Congress had done so much!

In typical fillibuster fashion, they rebutted that it was the President's responsibility to console disgruntled old soldiers, and that they had clashed with him on the subject for the final time!

As we left them, we off-handedly noted they were about to clash with the President just once more. And, as the Presidential Express hurtled towards them at twice the speed of flack, the pungent aroma of fear wafted odiously from their drawers. . . !



The Captain took great pride in his hardware. He cleaned and polished and scrubbed incessantly. Engines were constantly being tuned, and arms prepared for warfare. And whenever he had a moment to spare, he meticulously etched the proud emblem of the Warhawks onto every piece of equipment.



It was the Captain himself who suggested the target for the first Warhawk raid. He'd lived more history than damned near any man. And he'd seen it twisted and perverted by historians until he was hard-pressed to recognize it any more.



He, too, resented the way history had ignored my pope's role in the great war, and he wanted nothing more than to fire the first resounding shot in our glorious war of attrition.



There wasn't a better place to start or to blow away more historians than in the National Archives of Washington DC itself!

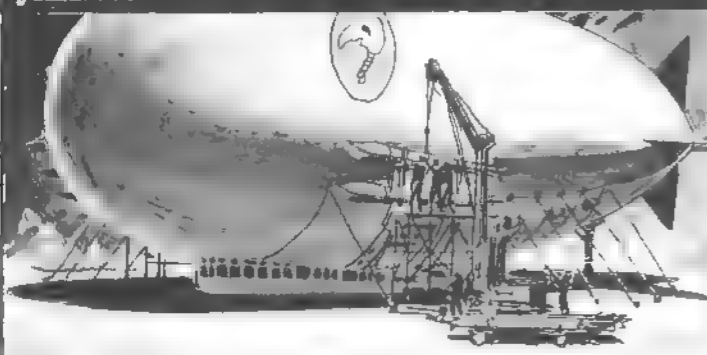
We eased up the Potomac, allowing the Captain all the time he needed to assure that his aim was straight and true. And then, at just the right moment, during the mad lunch hour rush, the old man tittered gleefully and triggered the guns which hurtled a thousand barrels of the deadliest poison known to man, over Capital Hill and onto the National Archives building.

Raw plutonium sewage rained from the skies! The Captain figured it was sheer poetic justice that the bodies of the nation's chroniclers were instantly as polluted as the minds of those who had looked to them for historic truths.

"Just given 'em back a little a'the shit they been shovelin' us all these years," the Captain proclaimed with a smile that betrayed animosity hidden for years.



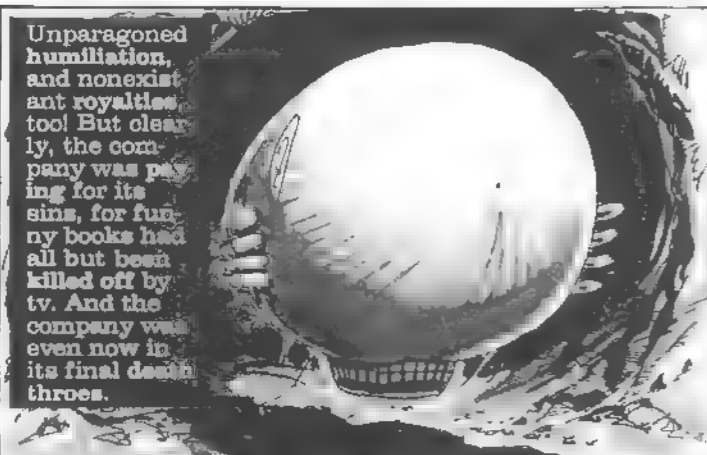
We had an extra special treat for the publishing conglomerate who so maliciously libeled my dad for so many years. . . !



The degradation of it all. . . ! To print the adventures of the greatest wartime heroes in the pages of a lowly funny book. As if the truth of my fathers' exploits could only be entrusted to illiterates, retards and other spasm-brained droolers!



Oh, their publishers meant well, sure! And as long as funny books sales were up, the stories didn't stray too far from the truth. But the instant sales plummeted, they had my dad in skin-tight leotards, leaping tall buildings in a single bound, cavorting shamelessly before their rampantly illiterate readers.



Unparagoned humiliation, and nonexistent royalties too! But clearly, the company was paying for its sins, for funny books had all but been killed off by tv. And the company was even now in its final death throes.

But the Warhawks wanted to make that death all the quicker and more merciless.

They were filled with excitement as they strapped the old nukes to the sides of the ancient Warhawk observation zeppelin.

And their faces were alight with ecstasy when the balloon sailed straight for the skyscraper which house the one-time publishing empire!



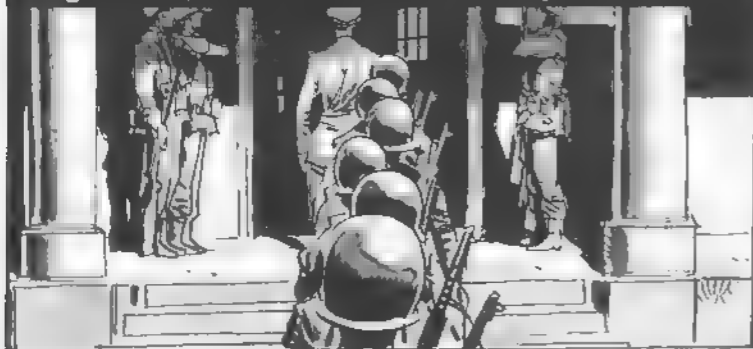
The sheer panic in the streets at first sight of our balloon, sent shudders of utter delight shooting through my lust-haunted loins.

And at the instant of impact, when the building disintegrated in torrents of multi-colored flame, the sensation within me was not wholly unlike that of sinfully joyous sex!



But the operation from which we derived the most profound pleasure was the one which led to the Warhawks' final stand...!

Having garnered no small amount of publicity for our previous heroics, we knew that the nation would be on their guard. Everyone, that is, except for the smugly confident military conglomerate, whom no one would dare defy!



True to their intellectually-handicapped form, no one batted an eye nor stopped to question when six combat-ready, black-faced GIs trudged into the war room of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.



Nor did anyone think it odd when a half-dozen pot-bellied white-faced GIs exited that war room... in the company of the instantly-integrated Joint Chiefs...!

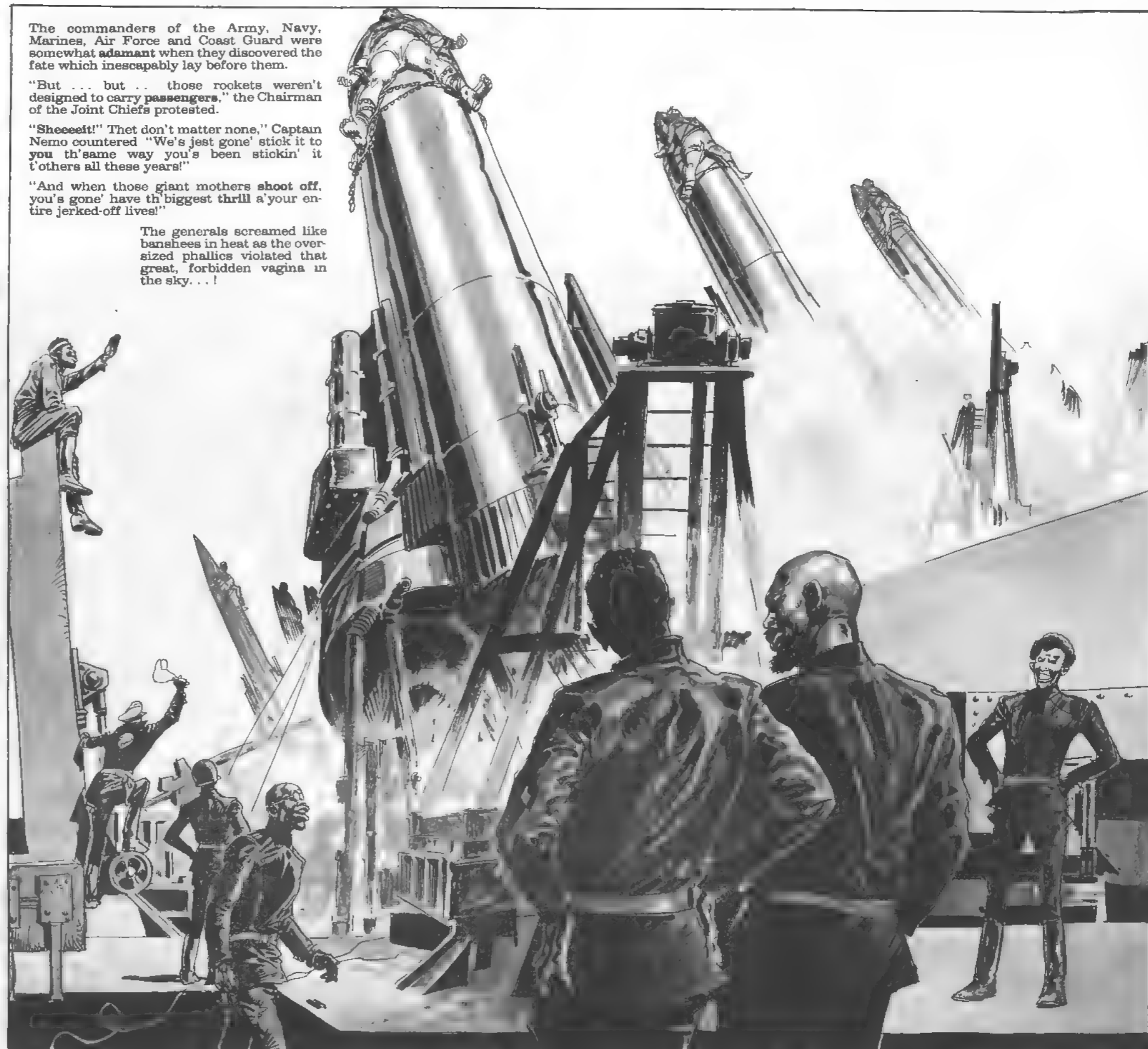
The commanders of the Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force and Coast Guard were somewhat adamant when they discovered the fate which inescapably lay before them.

"But ... but ... those rockets weren't designed to carry passengers," the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs protested.

"Sheeeeeeit!" That don't matter none," Captain Nemo countered "We's jest gone' stick it to you th'same way you's been stickin' it t'others all these years!"

"And when those giant mothers shoot off, you's gone' have th'biggest thrill a'your entire jerked-off lives!"

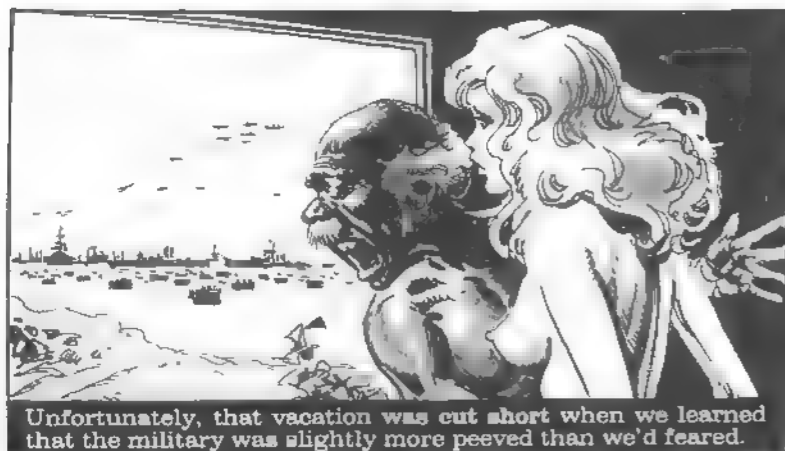
The generals screamed like banshees in heat as the oversized phallics violated that great, forbidden vagina in the sky...!





We figured that the services wouldn't look favorably upon our placing their commanders in orbit...

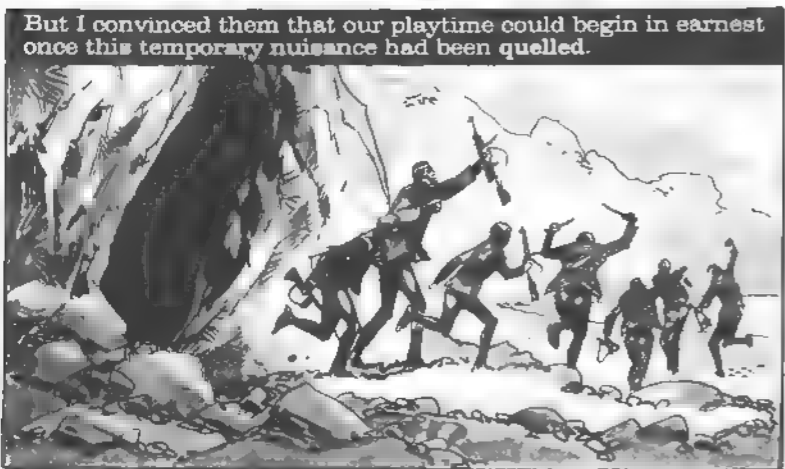
...so the Warhawks decided to take a vacation until justice need be served again.



Unfortunately, that vacation was cut short when we learned that the military was slightly more peeved than we'd feared.



The Warhawks were irked, too, that their holiday plans were suddenly curtailed...



But I convinced them that our playtime could begin in earnest once this temporary nuisance had been quelled.

It wasn't so much that the military was vexed at us for spiriting off their generals...! I think what irked them most was having to pull that weekend combat duty.

They fought like holy hellions... exhibiting a vengeance that only men who have been cheated out of their weekend pass can have!



You know, they might actually have harmed the Warhawks if we hadn't been so hell-bent on getting on with our own holiday.

Plainly, it just wasn't the proper time to rile us!



What you're saying then, Warner, is that the **Warhawks** could not even be defeated by the combined onslaught of the U.S. military services? But the news media reported that your secret pacific atoll had been **overrun**. . . !

Morley! I'm surprised at you. . . ! A journalist falling for the carefully worded hype of government press dispatches! Shame!



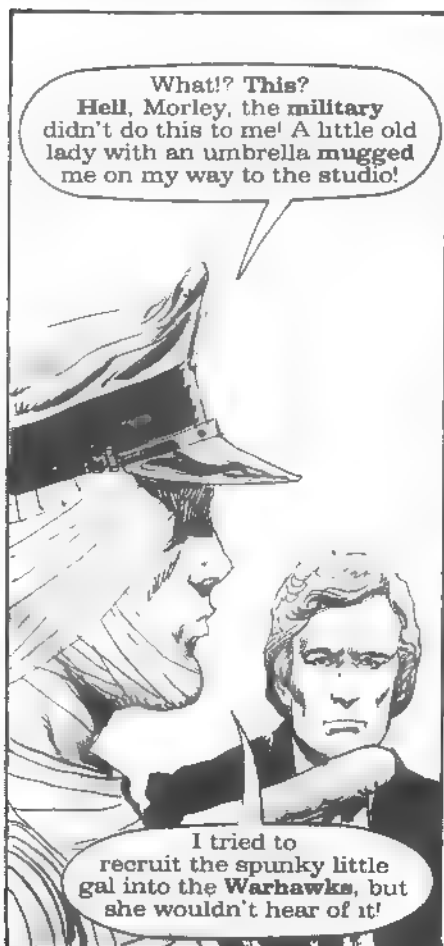
Overrun does not necessarily mean **overcome**! The **Warhawks** are even now sunning themselves on the peaceful beaches of our island headquarters . . . resting up for our next glorious crusade. . . !

Next crusade!? You mean there's more to come?



Surely you didn't think we were going to stop now? Wait'll we start on the **Frogs**, the **Limeys** and the **Reds**! They didn't approve my dad's veterans' benefits either!

But . . . but your wounds. . . ! Surely the physical punishment inflicted by the military was sufficient to dissuade you from future forays?!



What!? **This**? Hell, Morley, the military didn't do this to me! A little old lady with an umbrella mugged me on my way to the studio!

I tried to recruit the spunky little gal into the **Warhawks**, but she wouldn't hear of it!



Well, ladies and gentlemen . . . there you have it . . . ! The awesome truth behind the most controversial headline-making enigma of our age . . . **Mr. Warner Hawk** and his vigilante **Warhawks**!

Will this polemical group be heard from again? Only time will tell, folks!

For CBS news, this is **Morley Wallace** saying goodnight!



Good show, Mor! What've y'got slated for next week?

Something really exciting! We've dug up a schizoid who'll claim he's the offspring of **Amelia Earhart** and the legendary man of steel!

end

THE FINAL DAYS of IDI AMIN!

Have you ever lusted after a curvaceously voluptuous lump of feminine pulchritudity ? I mean really lusted, where your incestantly aching body was perpetually soused with sweat, and your perennially perpendicular pudendum made your social life one big embarrassment?

Well, that's been pretty much my plight. Like the proverbial obtuse ass, I, ace super spy, Dogmeat Jones, have had a luscious carrot with the curves of Venus De Milo dangling tormentingly in front of my nose for longer than I care to think about.

Only trouble is my carrot has the mind of a slug, and refuses to accept the fact that she is anything other than Idi Amin, Field Marshall, Doctor, Premier and President-for-life of the nuclear crater once known as Uganda!

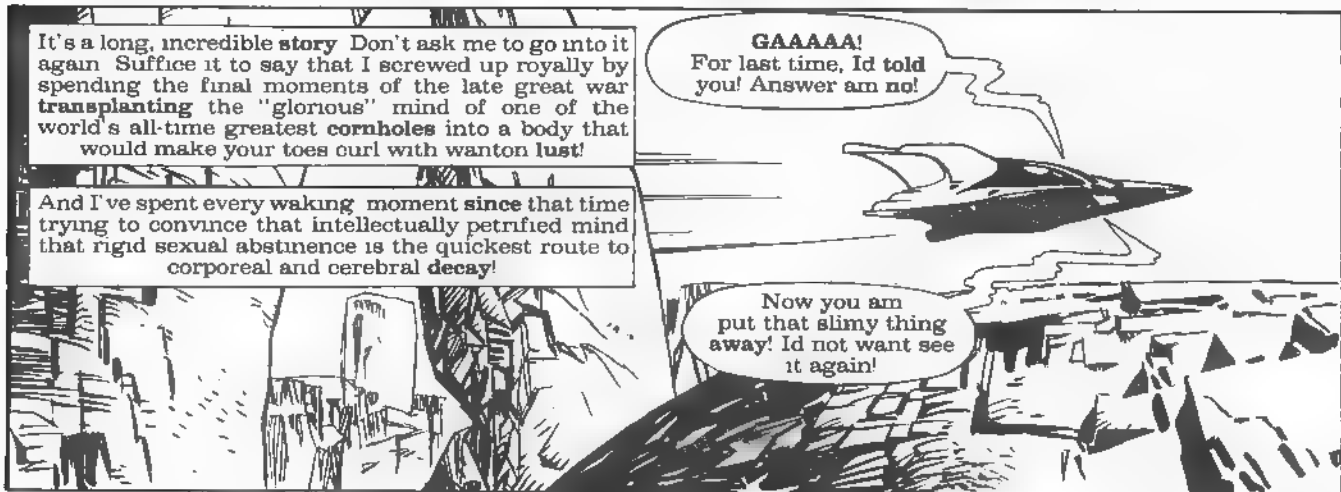


It's a long, incredible story. Don't ask me to go into it again. Suffice it to say that I screwed up royally by spending the final moments of the late great war transplanting the "glorious" mind of one of the world's all-time greatest cornholes into a body that would make your toes curl with wanton lust!

And I've spent every waking moment since that time trying to convince that intellectually petrified mind that rigid sexual abstinence is the quickest route to corporeal and cerebral decay!

GAAAAA!
For last time, Id told
you! Answer am no!

Now you am
put that slimy thing
away! Id not want see
it again!



Sure, Id! Anything you say! But do you think you could stop hitting me with that crowbar first?

Id told you . . . Id still have hopes of finding brilliant American doctor who can sew together Id's long-lost manhood!

I sympathize with you, guy. But I don't think we're going to find too many brilliant young interns panting to perform a sex-change here in my illustrious homeland!

It's as bombed out and desolate as your neck of the woods!

I think about the only recourse open to us is to do what any post holocaustic couple would do . . . find a nice quiet little plutonium farm and raise us a couple of muties!

That am not even funny! Id not type of guy to settle down as farmer's wife!

It it getting so Id not really know what to do any more !

Id had hoped that America would be different. . . ! That home of brave and land of free would still be green and fertile!

Instead, it am one big junkyard of broken Fords and empty Pepsi cans!

It am not fair! It am just not fair!



And, uh while we're on the subject of intellectual handicaps... what say we pick you up a copy of *Thirty Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary* once we land this crate?

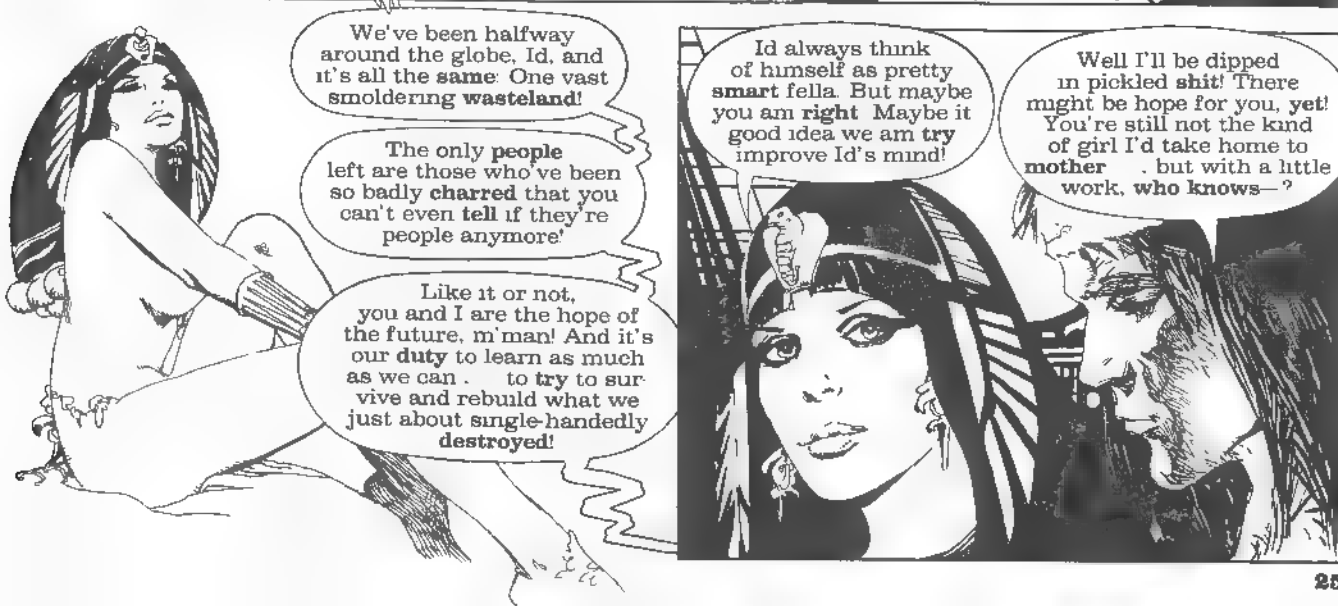
It's a little grating on the nerves to be conversing in Muppetese all the time.



Am something wrong with way Id speaks? English am only one of Id's many native tongues, you know!

You could have fooled me! Listen, guy. I guess what I'm asking is that we work together to try and upgrade your smarts!

I mean... I know how well-versed you are in politics and diplomacy. But there's just no place for that in our "Brave New World!"



We've been halfway around the globe, Id, and it's all the same! One vast smoldering wasteland!

The only people left are those who've been so badly charred that you can't even tell if they're people anymore!

Like it or not, you and I are the hope of the future, m' man! And it's our duty to learn as much as we can... to try to survive and rebuild what we just about single-handedly destroyed!

Id always think of himself as pretty smart fella. But maybe you are right. Maybe it good idea we am try improve Id's mind!

Well I'll be dipped in pickled shit! There might be hope for you, yet! You're still not the kind of girl I'd take home to mother... but with a little work, who knows—?



Y'know, Id, that's the first time I've seen you show **genuine emotion** in all the weeks we've been together. There may be hope for you, yet!

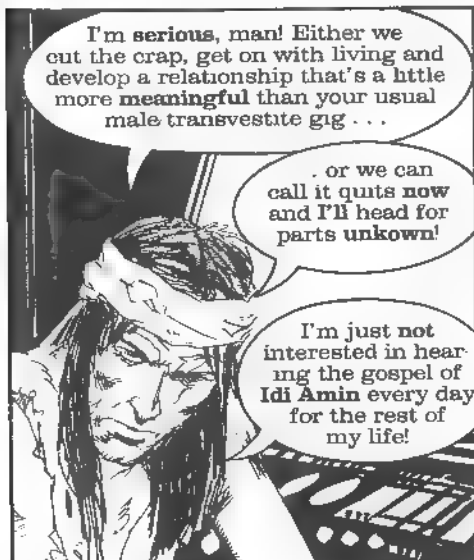
What say you and I let down the barriers and really get to know one another?

It's going to be a long Armageddon, and it would be nice to share it with someone you liked!



That am sound almost **sincere!** It not new scheming tactic to get into Id's juicy G-string, am it?

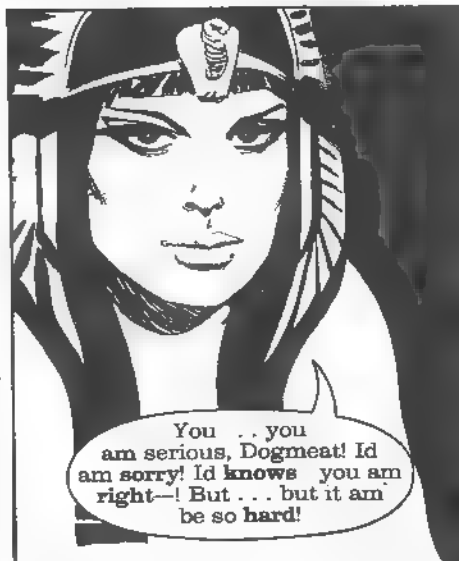
Damnit, Id! Haven't we just about run out of pussy jokes?!



I'm serious, man! Either we cut the crap, get on with living and develop a relationship that's a little more **meaningful** than your usual male transvestite gig...

...or we can call it quits now and I'll head for parts unknown!

I'm just not interested in hearing the gospel of Idi Amin every day for the rest of my life!



You... you am serious, Dogmeat! Id am sorry! Id **knows** you am right—! But... but it am be so hard!



Idi never have serious relationship with **anybody!**



Oh... Id am have lengthy talks with some of him wives every now and then! But it like talking to rock with no brains...!

OOOOEEEE!
You not believe how dumb some women can be!

I believe, Id!
I believe!!

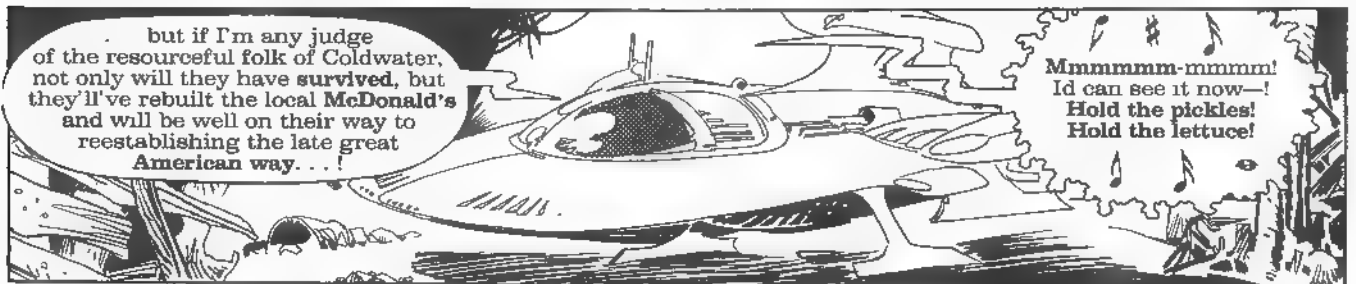


Speaking from home . . .
am we there, yet? Id am
getting anxious to see you
old haunts! Id am tired of
being cooped in this
flying iron!

It just so happens,
m' man, that that's it down
there! Coldwater, Ohio!

It's as bombed out
and fucked over as New York,
Washington and the rest . . . but it's
where I was born, and it seems as
good a place as any to spend the
rest of my nuked out-life!

Besides which
there's movement down there,
my friend! We're too far up to
tell whether they're real
people or muties . . .



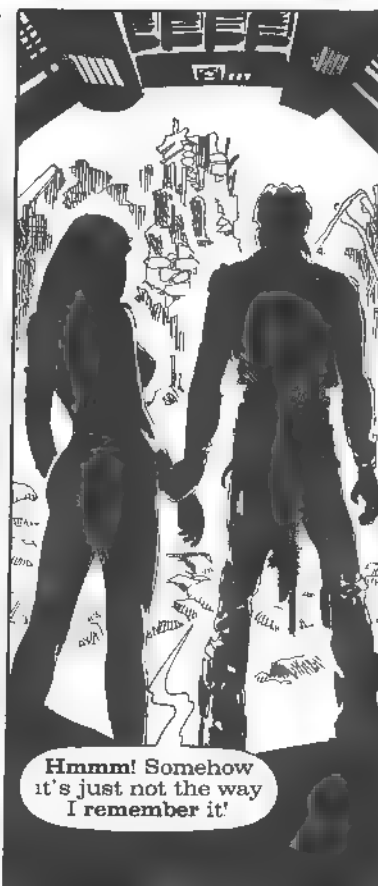
but if I'm any judge
of the resourceful folk of Coldwater,
not only will they have survived,
but they'll've rebuilt the local McDonald's
and will be well on their way to
reestablishing the late great
American way. . . !

Mmmmm-mmmm!
Id can see it now—!
Hold the pickles!
Hold the lettuce!



Last stop, folks!
Main street of the
prettiest little town
in Middle America!

Ooooh! Id am
all gooshy with
excitement!



Hmmm! Somehow
it's just not the way
I remember it!



That there's the
house where I was raised
But the neighborhood's
really gone to seed
since I left!

You am trying to make
jokes again. But Id know
you am not happy inside
from seeing you home
with boo-boos!



Goddamn it, man! How am I supposed to feel? I . . . I knew it would be this way. But . . . but actually seeing it . . . wondering what happened to my parents the people I grew up with—

Shit! Why did it have to be this way?

Maybe we both feel better after nice warm lunch. . . !

Ohh! There go fat snack now! It am not Ronald McDonalds, but it am similar epicurian delight!

Grab it before it get away!

I've got it, Id! But the bugger's so sluggish it's probably bloated with radiation disease!

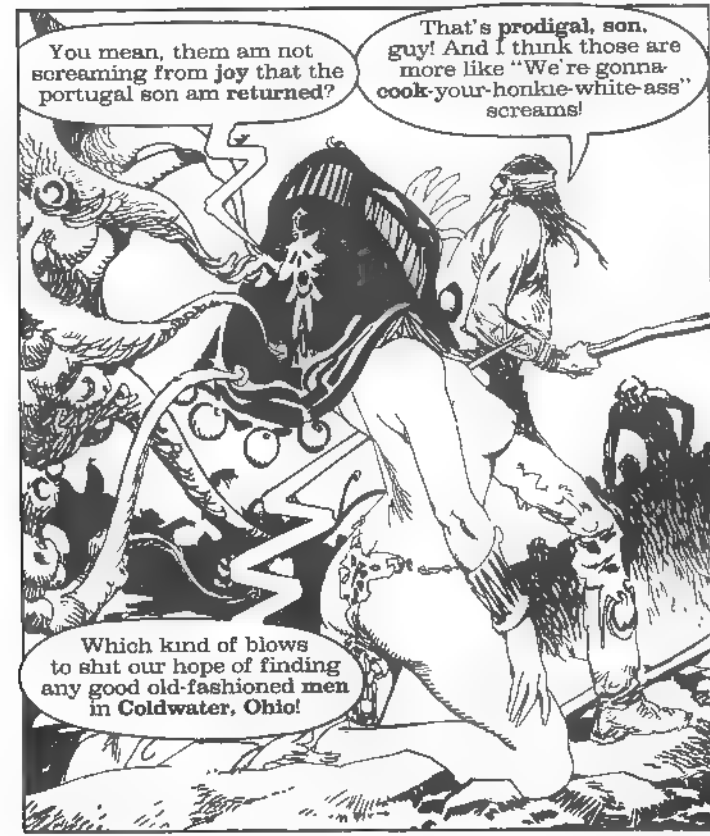


Not that it matters a helluva lot! After three days without food, even southern fried maggots'd start to look good!

Hmmmm! Maybe we not have eat rat after all! Some of you old-timey friends am coming to welcome you!

Maybe them throw big come back home bash, with lots whores d'oeuvres and other loose women!

I don't know, Id. It looks like the only kind of appetizer they have on their minds . . . is us!



You mean, them am not screaming from joy that the portugul son am returned?

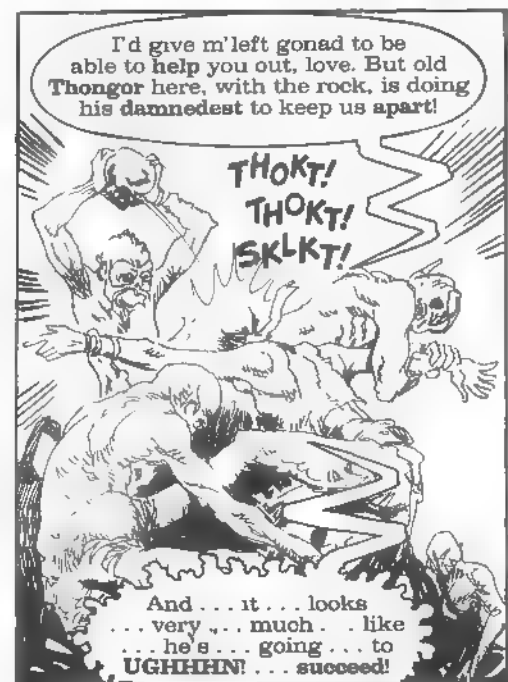
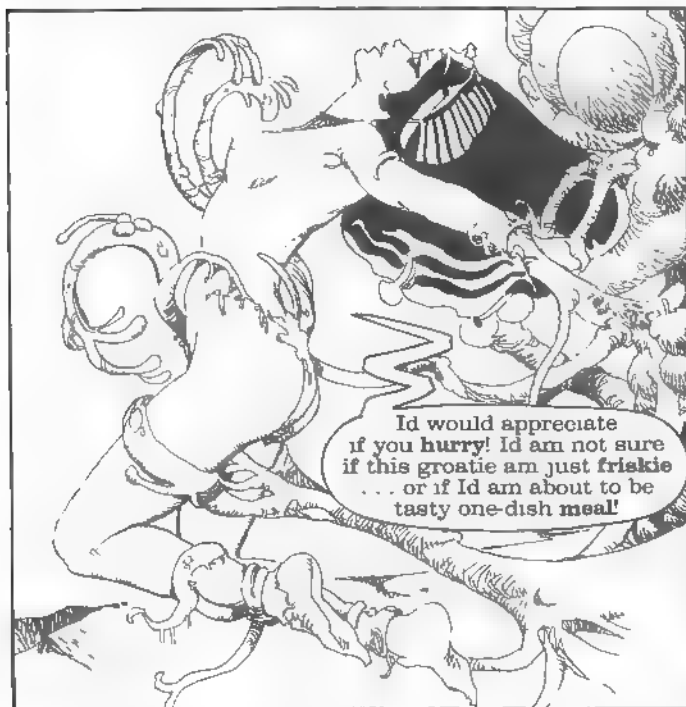
That's prodigal, son, guy! And I think those are more like "We're gonna cook-your-honkie-white-ass" screams!

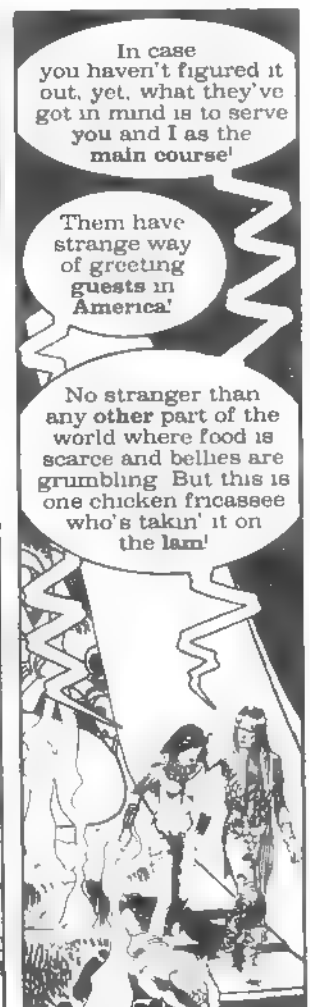
Which kind of blows to shut our hope of finding any good old-fashioned men in Coldwater, Ohio!



GAAAAAA! Idi not know about men . . but there am other sticky-fingered muteslimes here, who drip with lust for Id's body!

HELPPP, DOGMEAT! Save Id . . before Id's virtue am tainted forever by this love-starved mutie!







Chicken . . . lamb!?
Sometimes Id have
hard time under-
stand you!



I know, m'man!
the longer we're together, the
clearer it becomes that we don't
really speak the same language
at all . . . !

C'mon! Let's find us
a way out of here before those
muties return with their lemon
and butter sauce. . . !

Look! Am that not
light at end of cave?
Maybe it am back way
out!



Yeah!
Then again,
maybe it's a
shortcut to
the stew-
pots!

I don't like it, Id!
This exit is a little *too*
convenient! And there's not a
mutant in sight! We're being
manipulated, m'man . . . like
a couple of cows being
led to slaughter!

Nawww! Mutes
am not smart enough
to outfox Id! Id am
one crafty mama!

Maybe you can
tell me then, sly fox, why
our mutie buddies didn't eat
us on the spot .

... or why they
refrained from sampling
your lascivious charms?



Hmmm! That am
good question! Idi am
one enticing morsel!
Maybe them am . . . how
you call them. . . ?
Good fairies!

If that's the plan,
we'll find out soon enough.
There doesn't seem to be any
way out of here but that big
open pit before us! And
that's blacker than the ass
you were born with!

And maybe they
were ordered to keep
hands off by some
monstrous mother who
wants you or me all
to himself!

It's the
perfect hiding
place for what-
ever beastie is
waiting to jump
our bones!



Ooh ooh ooh ooh!
Do our eyes deceive
us? It's visitors,
my sweetness!

Visitors have
come to see us!
HEE HEE HEE!

Quiet, you gibbering
old fartsucker! You'll
frighten them away! Your
raving faggotry always
frightens them away!

That
am your
beastie?



Don't you *dare* use that
vulgar tone with me, you vile,
inarticulate cur! It's because
of your callous manners that
we have no friends!

Uh, Dogmeat. . . !
Id have foolish question! Am
this strange old bird talking
at himself, or am Id having
more head noises?

Dick it up
your ass, y'scummy
dograg! I got more
manners than you've
got prick!





Are you kidding? That guy's over the edge! Crackers! Bananas. . . ! He's screaming yellow zonkers!

Him am perfect! Him am too old to want Id for noogie! And him have too much fuzzrot on brain to be threat to Id in smarts department!

You tell 'im, girlie!



Id can see now that him am have friend for life!

Oh, sweetnums . . . do you hear that? We have a delightful little friend! Ohhh! It's music to our ears!

Bugger off, asspain! She's yours during the day . . . but I get them juicy jalamas t'night!

I'm going to puke!



Oh, TEE HEE! However shall we consummate this wondrous event?

Consume. . . ? Am that not some kind of kinky soup?

That am sound like good idea to consummate our soup! Id not eat for three days! But him still make one homungus dungpile!

GAAAAAA! I can't take it! Two of them! If I've got to listen to any more of this, I'll go screaming yellow zonkers!



Why him am running away like that?

Oh, how tragically sinful! That gorgeous hunk of man going to waste that way . . . !

Oh well, it never would have worked out anyway, dearie! We would have just battled tooth and nail over him! It's best that we try to forgive and forget . . . and console ourselves as best we can. . . !

Let me console 'er, y'jizzum-lickin' faggot!

Do ignore that crude culhon, dear child

Follow me and we'll see if we can't get you out of those tacky rags and into something soft and lacey! I have the most fabulous wardrobe! Oh, and you simply must see how I've decorated the boudoir! This wasn't a fit place for a sow before I arrived, you know!



By the way, dearie, whatever shali I call you?

Idi am mine name! Doctor, lawyer, President and Chief of smoldering crater called Uganda! But you am call me Id!

Oh, how divinely delightful! And you may call me Napoleon!

HA HA HA! Ain't that a laugh! Back in the bughouse they usedta call old moldballs Josephine! Me . . . I'm Khan! But m'closest friends call me Ghengis!

I prefer to call him a boor! He's intolerably frustrating at times! But do give him a chance, dear girl! I'm sure he'll grow on you, just as he's grown on me!

That am sound like fun! Just think . . . two . . . two . . . TWO friends in one!

Oh! This am really going to be fun end of world for Idi!

end

Four-thirty p.m., Central Time. The office of Dr. T. Gordon Filcher, director of the Johnson Space Center in Houston, Texas.

...therefore, Mr. President, I urge you to support our planned probe to Titan.

Sign that Gordy, Ms. Baxter, and let me read it before you leave.

Yes, Dr. Filcher.



SKYLAB SAFE IN NEW ORBIT!

After three days of exacting maneuvers, flight controllers at NASA's Johnson Space Center have succeeded in saving the Skylab space station. Shortly after the February 9, 1974 departure of the third crew of astronauts, the three-man laboratory began moving in a gravity gradient position. Left unchecked, it would have brought Skylab crashing to earth early next year.

Well, Pousse, my voluptuous little passionflower, how does it feel to be a Krenkmate?

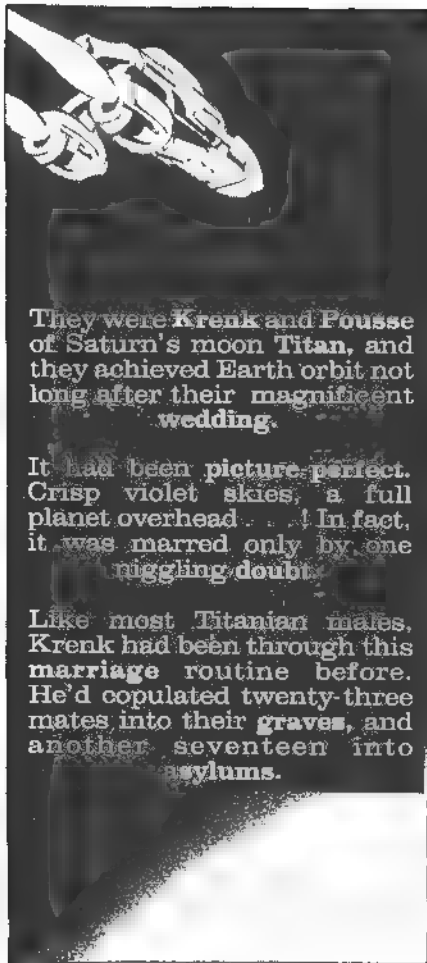
Fantastic... and challenging, my love.

Challenging, eh? Well, I certainly hope you're up to it.

I'm tired of wearing out mate after mate!

You just worry about finding us a nice, private nook, my empassioned paramour...

...and I'll worry about handling one of the solar system's most prodigious studsmen!



They were Krenk and Pousse of Saturn's moon Titan, and they achieved Earth orbit not long after their magnificent wedding.

It had been picture perfect. Crisp violet skies, a full planet overhead. In fact, it was marred only by one nagging doubt.

Like most Titanian males, Krenk had been through this marriage routine before. He'd copulated twenty-three mates into their graves, and another seventeen into asylums.



He desperately hoped that his new mate was made of sterner stuff!

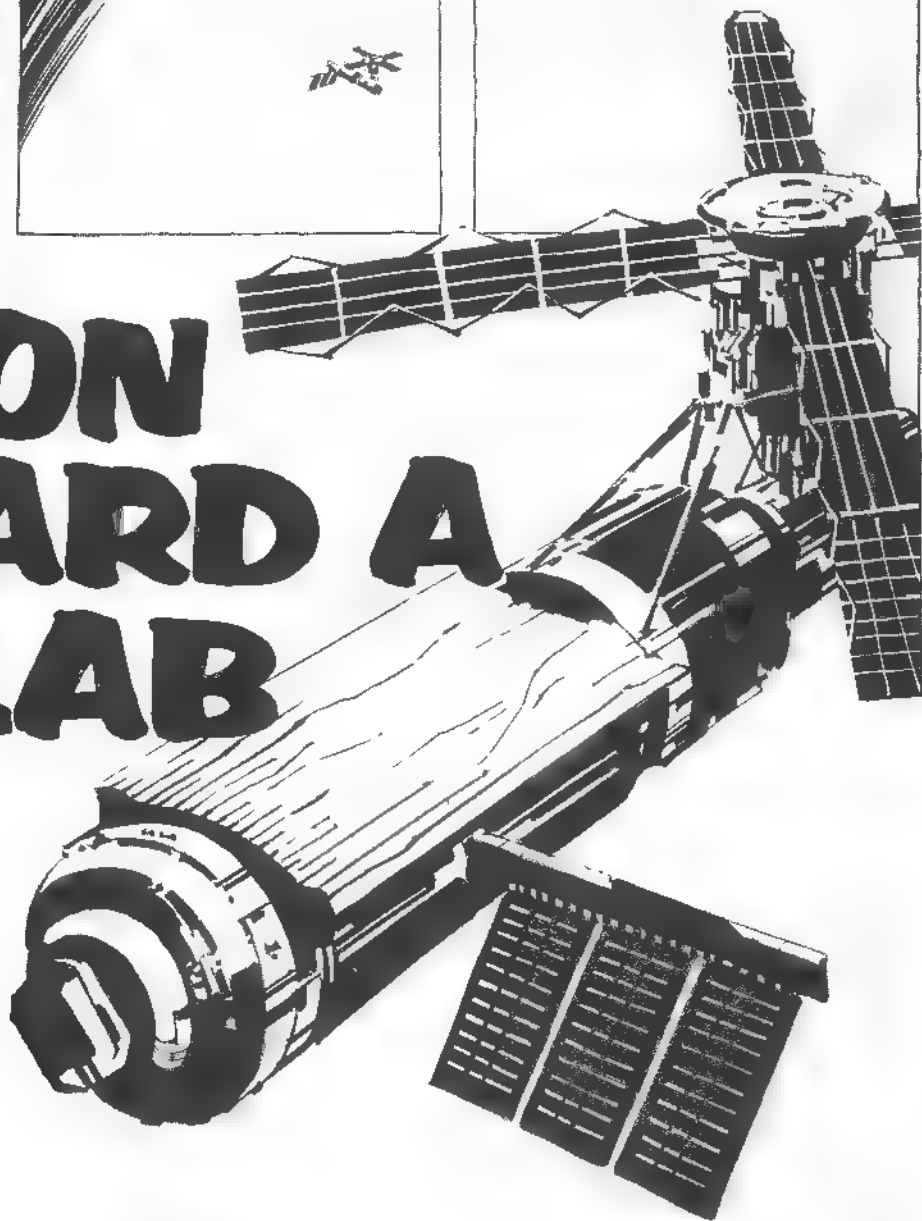
Hey, Pousse... will you look at that!



Apart from the inconvenience of a new wedding every three yarbles, he was running out of accessible honeymoon planets.

I think we've just found that perfect little nook we've been searching for!

LIASON ABOARD A SKYLAB





I've been to this world before...! Camped for two weeks on something called Devil's Tower...with Krenkmate number thirty, as I recall!

But I've never seen this thing before!



The instruments say it's hollow and pressurized with a breathable atmosphere!

Oh, Krenk! It is the perfect place for us to be alone, at last! And a fine place to test your mettle!



We just attach our docking ring to the ingress hatch of the alien satellite...

...open our little scooter-chute...

...and in we go!



Oh, Krenk, you're so romantic...!

Only one of my many talents, sweetnuns! Speaking of which... isn't it time you've sampled some of my other attributes?



Without a doubt. Just let me snuggle up and...and--! Ohhhh!



Galloping gabanzos, Krenk! It's so huge!

Don't tell me you've never seen one before, snookums?

For the first time in five forsaken years, living beings caress the hallowed decks of Skylab.

How could I...?

Mother was very strict! No niggling before Krenking! She certainly didn't want her naive child o.d.-ing on megagasms!

Look at it this way, sugarnibs ... if all this loving proves to be too much for you, at least you'll go out with a smile on your gloans!

Mmmmmmmmm!

Ohhhhhhhh!

Very active beings!

Gaaaaaa!

Aaaaargh!

Oh, babycums!

Aghhh, Snoogieums!

Beings whose frenzied passions begin to have an adverse affect on their new home.

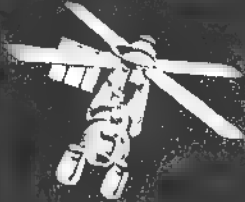
Aggggh! Agggggghh! Arghhhhhhh!

Uhhhhn! Uhhhhnn! Ohhhhhh!

Ohhh, baby! You're gnashies are like slippery lumps of jiddlejam!

Ohhhh, yes, snugglecums. . . talk dirty to me! Speak to me in the language of love!

In empty space, where gravity affects entire worlds and galaxies, an insignificant orbiting laboratory remains oblivious to the centripetal pull of the planets



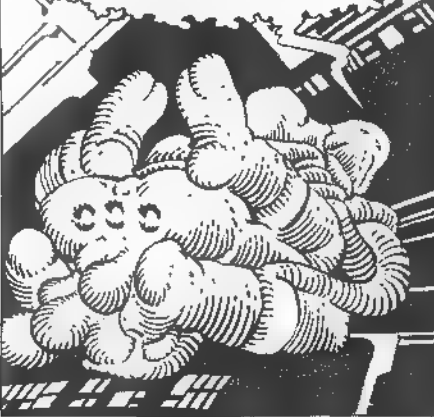
Ohhhh, my little gefilte fish... AGHH! AGGG! OHHH! ...you have the fiery passion of a nubian nymphet!



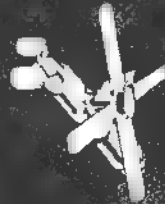
However, the slightest nudge can send an object on a journey lasting an eternity!



Aggggh, my giant halvah bar... OOH! AHHH! EEEEE! ...you are as sweet as a chocolate lungie dipped in Sinopian cherry sauce!



...and the most minute movement can wreak utter havoc on a sensitive orbit!



Aggggh! Ooooh! D-D-Do you feel something, my love?

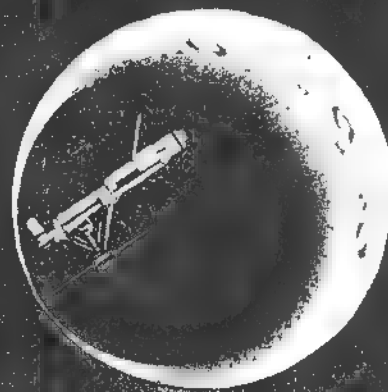


It-it-it is merely the sun and the moon moving beneath our feet, sugarpit! It is the unadulterated thrill of wanton ecstasy! AGHHHHHHLL!

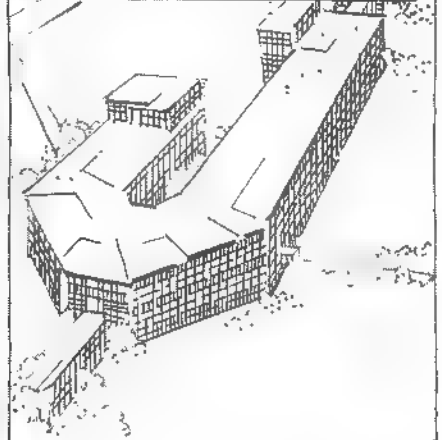
Onboard instruments register orbital shift, no matter how great or small



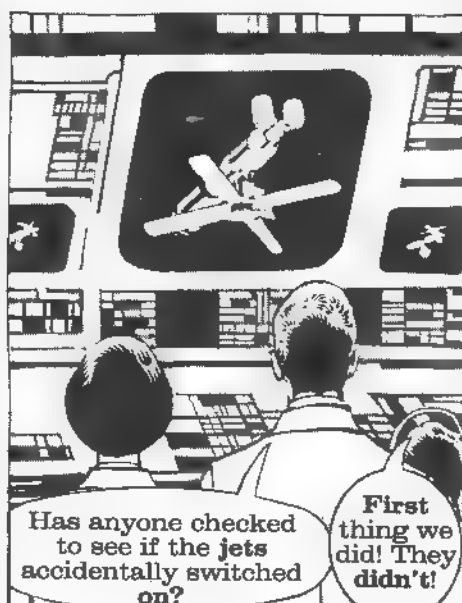
...and the information is beamed some 426 kilometers



...direct to the Johnson Space Center.



...where the data is collected and analyzed!





Yes, sir...!
But I still—!

Good God!
What... what's
that?

Indeed! They
come from Titan,
Saturn's earth-like
moon. The males are
extremely potent!

They spend
most of their
time making
love!



There!
You see,
Crim!?



They are
obviously aliens!
And they've invaded
Skylab! to use it as
a temporary cohabit-
ational domicile!

They... they're
humping their brains
out!



So it appears!
Well, we'll just have
to put a stop to this and
boot them into the cold
once and for all!

Once
and for
all?

Dr. Filcher...
you mean these creatures
have invaded skylab
before?



They've wreaked
utter havoc with sky-
lab's delicate
orbit!



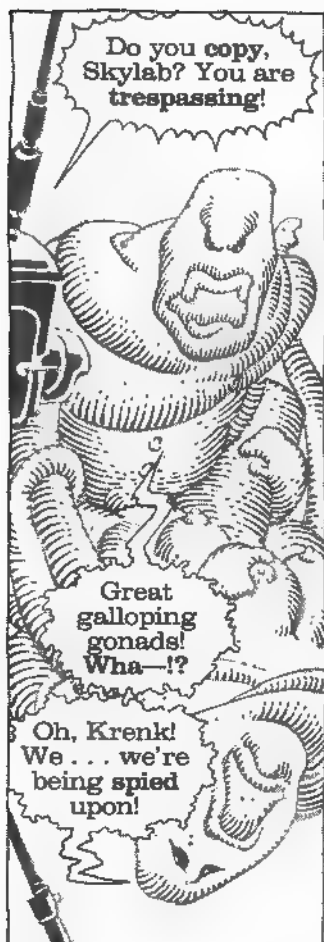
Oh, Gordy!
That sounds sooo
exciting! Why don't we
go to Titan!?

Ahem! Miss
Baxter... Please!
There's only one thing
to do in a situation
like this...!



Attention, Skylab!
This is Houston! You
are trespassing on a
United States space
station!

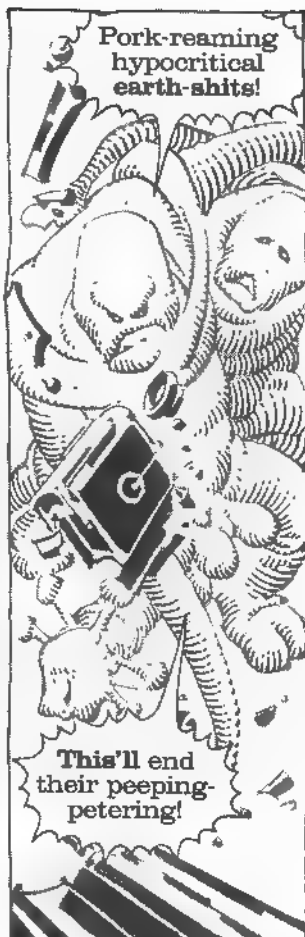
Spillsport!



Do you copy, Skylab? You are trespassing!

Great galloping gonads! Wha—!?

Oh, Krenk! We... we're being spied upon!



Pork-reaming hypocritical earth-shits!

This'll end their peeping-petering!



Oh, Krenk... I'm so embarrassed!

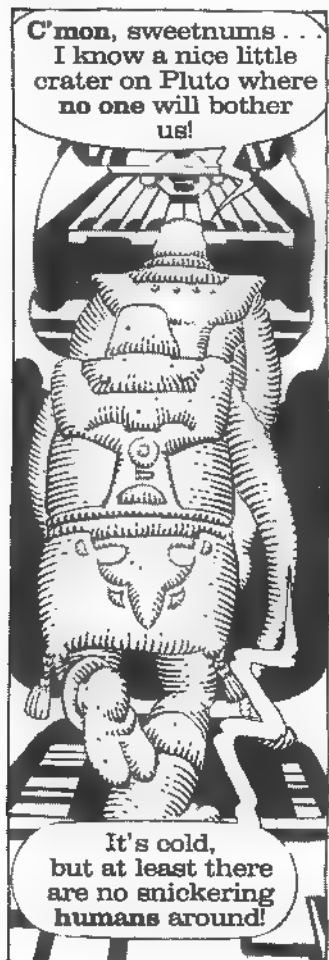
Voyeuristic asscrums! It's just like that time on Devil's Tower...

I was with Krenkmate number 27 when some idiot in a floppy hat and sunglasses stumbled over us! Really put a damper on the megasms!



Oh, Krenk... there isn't any way they can hurt us, is there?

Just let 'em try! I'll beat them upside their hollow heads with my lumpy joystick!



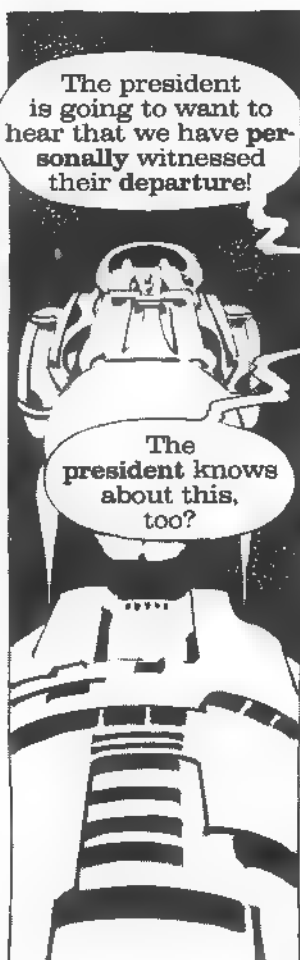
C'mon, sweetnums... I know a nice little crater on Pluto where no one will bother us!

It's cold, but at least there are no snickering humans around!



It... it looks like they're leaving, sir. The chickens! They don't want to mess with us!

Keep the cameras on them, Crim...



The president is going to want to hear that we have personally witnessed their departure!

The president knows about this, too?



The president, his cabinet and chief aids, you, me and Crim here! We're all part of this now.

But... but when did all this begin?



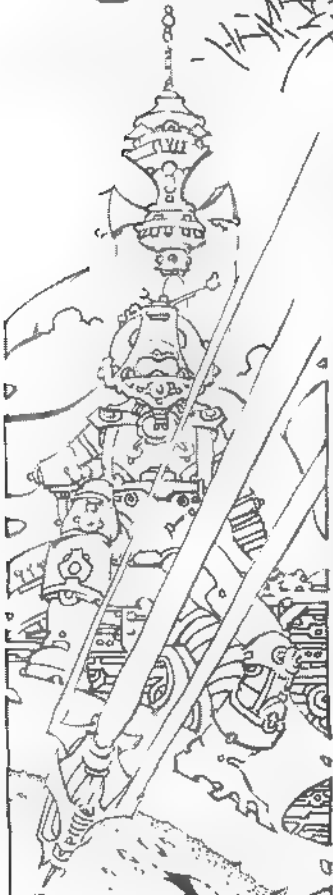
From what we've been able to gather, these beings have been popping off—er, popping up for years now. They've appeared mostly in isolated regions: forests, farms, mountaintops... that sort of thing!

Due to the sexual nature of their visits, they've shunned contact. Thus, we are now preparing to contact them!



The President is supporting a manned flight to Titan, which Congress will approve in secret next week!

Naturally, I was summoned to do some heated lobbying. And, I might add, my arguments were irresistible!



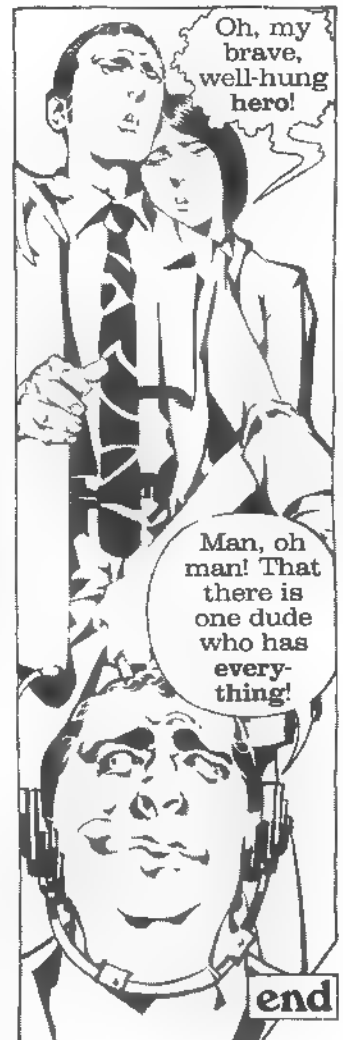
I've always regretted the fact that we've had to keep the aliens' existence a secret... to prevent cultural shock, you understand!



However, once our astronauts have reached Titan, information will be slowly inseminate... er, disseminated to the public.



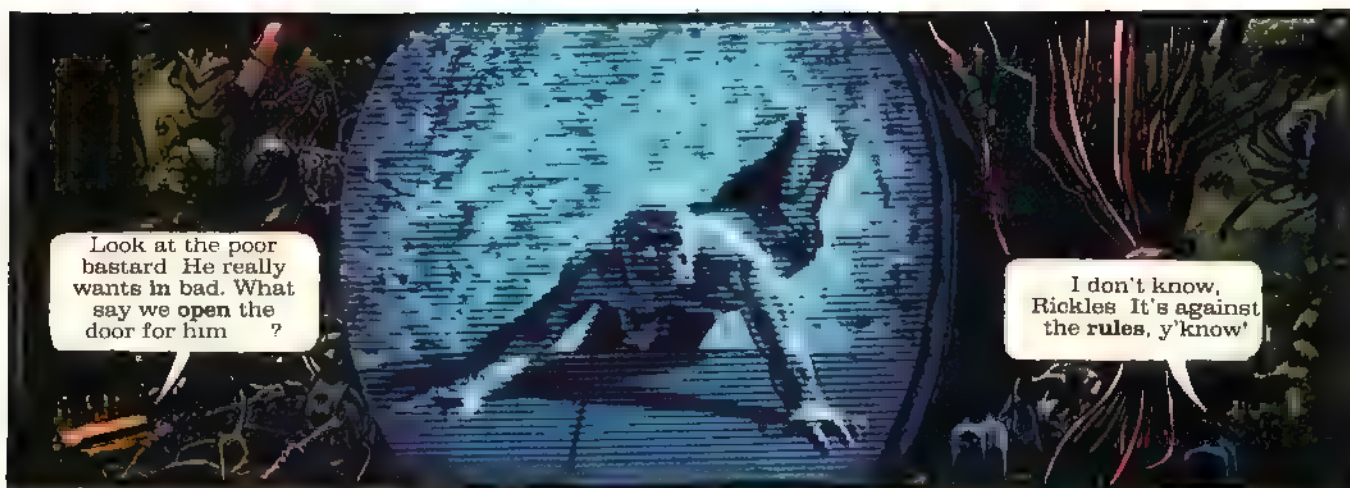
To make certain that the touchy process of contact is smoothly handled, I've been named Commander of the Titan flight. My plan is to approach the Titanians in a manner that they will assuredly understand...!



Oh, my brave, well-hung hero!

Man, oh man! That there is one dude who has everything!

end



Look at the poor bastard. He really wants in bad. What say we open the door for him?

I don't know, Rickles. It's against the rules, y'know!

Aw, he's about dead anyway. C'mon, just this once. Let 'im in and see what he does!

mutant world



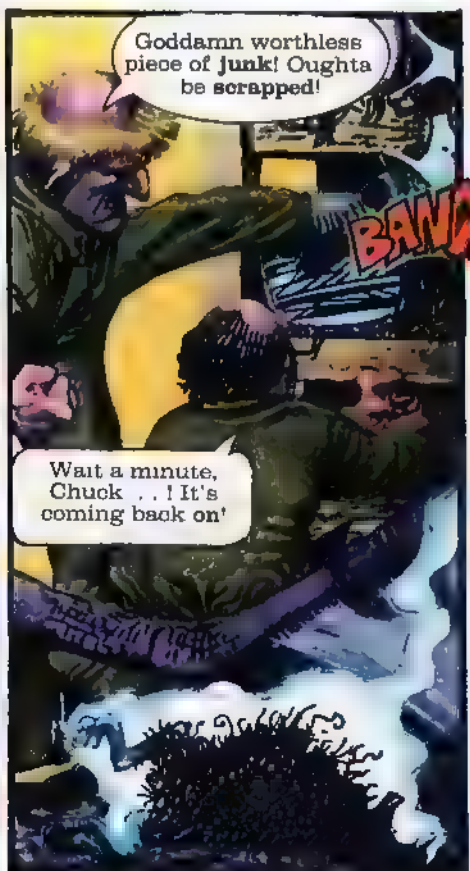
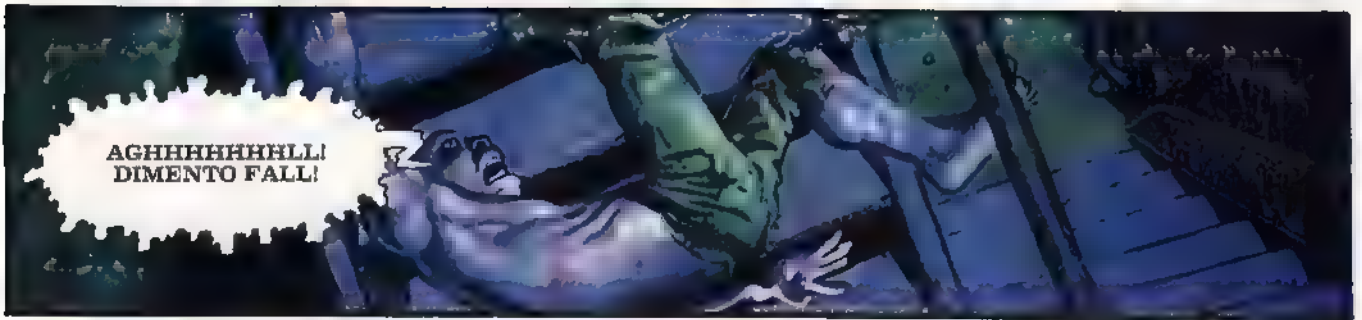
I'm not gettin' my ass reamed! You do it!

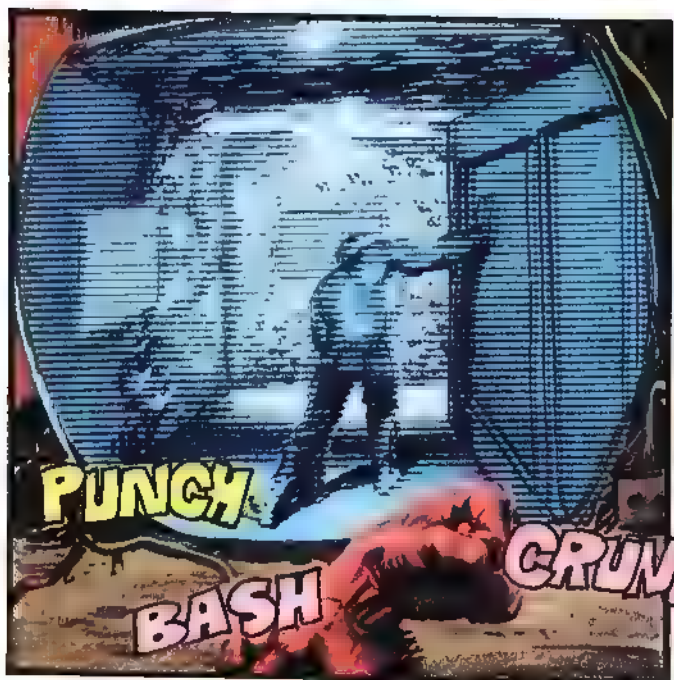


Christ! You're the biggest chickenshit in the complex! Outta my way, asshole! I'll let the goddamn mute in! What's it to hurt, anyway?

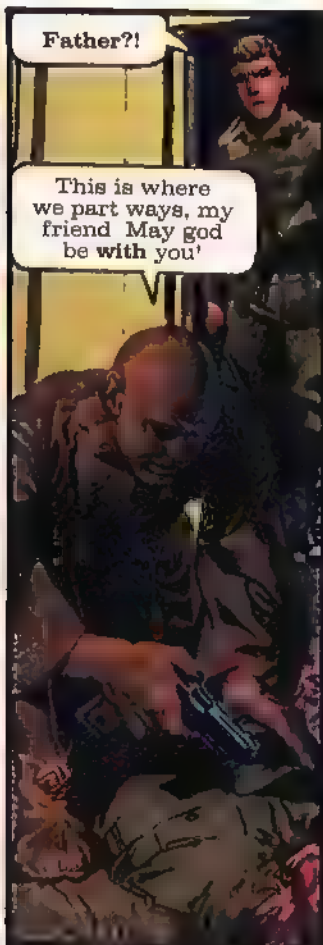
CLICK

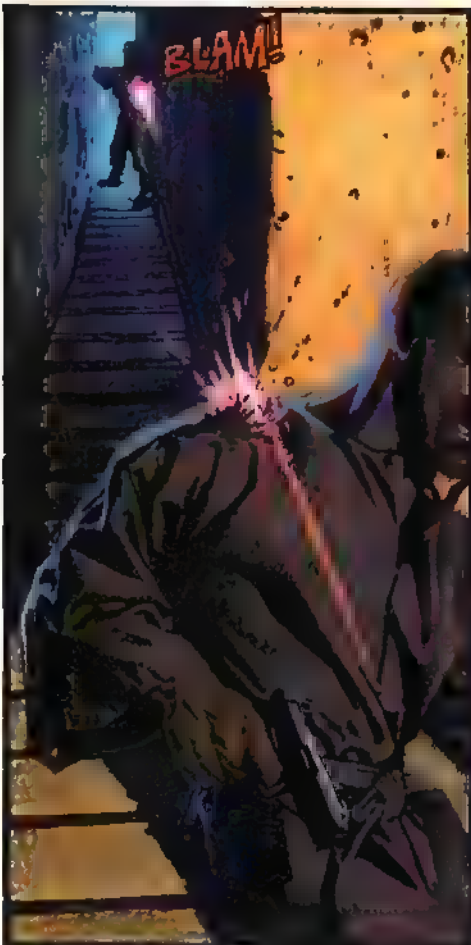
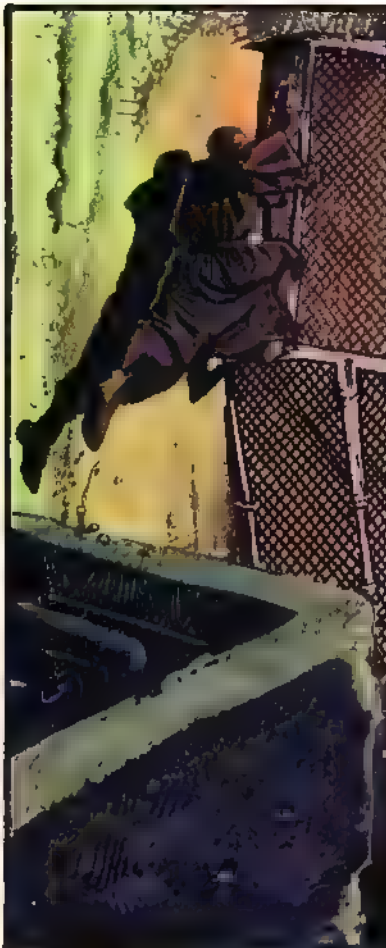
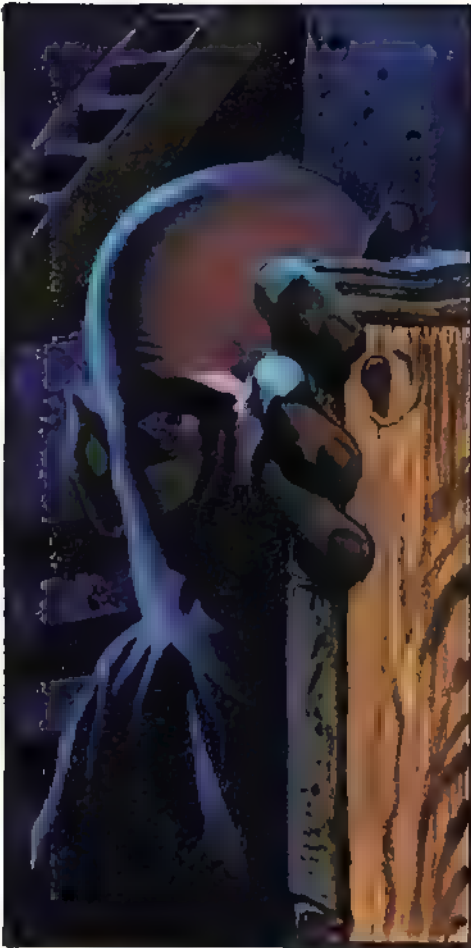














I've tried! Lord how I've tried! But the damn thing's so erratic!

It must be a great disappointment to you, sir!



Hell yes! The work of a lifetime... mankind's final hope...! And it's a goddamned berserker!



It takes every Christian value I feed it and twists it... perverts it! It's a failure! A violent mockery of everything I designed it to be!

But the other clone is doing well...



... and even the violent one is genetically stable. Maybe their eccentricities will breed out!

No...!

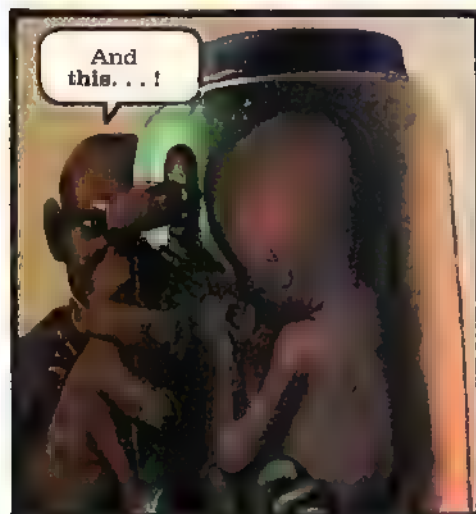



I'm afraid of an opposite result that we will breed a race of maniacs!

The male clones have to be destroyed! As for the others...



WHAAA—!?

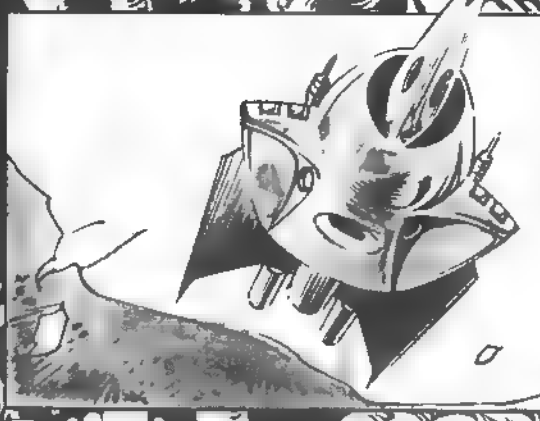




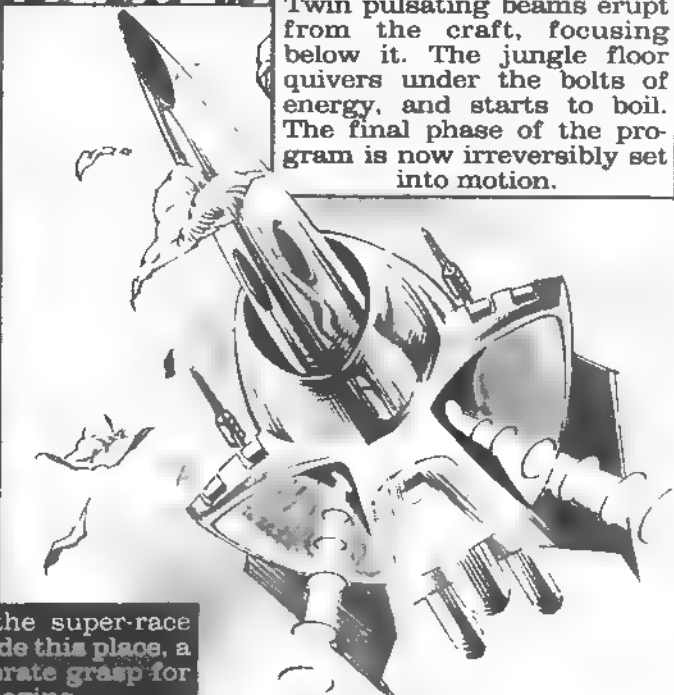
A primordial landscape—hellish and beautiful—fashioned in an instant of super-violence from ethereal debris, given water and air and elemental life. To the species which brought it forth, this world was a simple extension of their dreaming.

It appeared in a flash, between this universe and another, created by desperate beings.

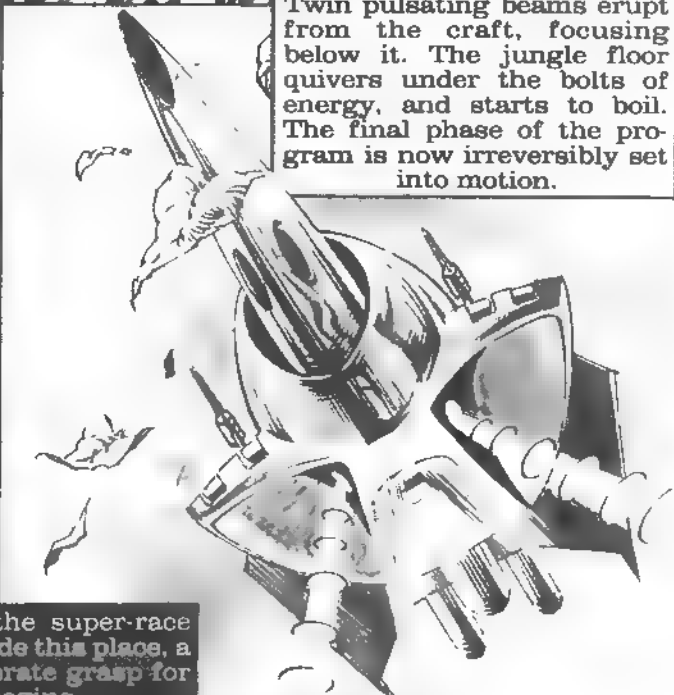
But it is also... a refuge!



Into these primitive environs, a glistening craft hovers just above the treetops, taking measurements of the sediment floor. When it becomes satisfied with its figures, it stops, and settles closer to the ground.



Twin pulsating beams erupt from the craft, focusing below it. The jungle floor quivers under the bolts of energy, and starts to boil. The final phase of the program is now irreversibly set into motion.



And for the super-race which made this place, a last desperate grasp for survival begins.

■Hominidal Matrix ■GenType Male
HHS (See Recom File) ■Jelliform Syn-
thesis In Progress ■ Tem Pressure
Suit Incl ■No Sidearm Or Supplies



■Revivification Compl
8:805 ■Temp 37 C ■Wt
63515 Grams ■All Meta-
Systems Satisfac ■Subject's
Actual Identity Withheld For
Duration Of Experiment

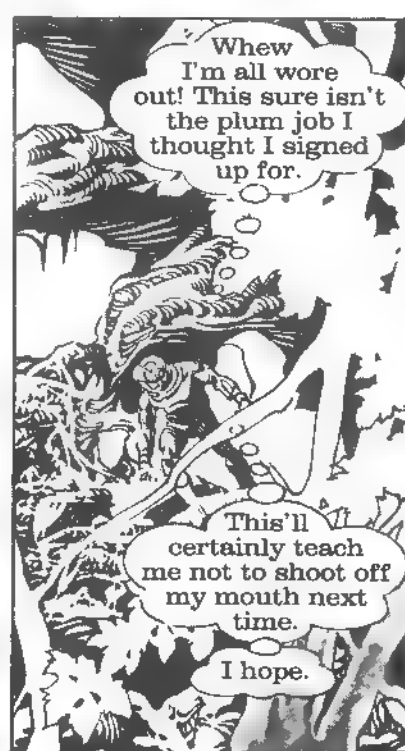


I must be a
sap volunteering for
this assignment

Six weeks groping
about the Mesozoic,
when I could be on Halcyon
hobnobbing with the Upper-
Crusts, or taming the
Tiger-Women of
Triffid

Granted, I'm
making enough money
on this mission to live
like an emperor forever,
but goddamn it, what good
is the dough if I'm not
alive to spend
it?

TWILIGHTS END!





A cave!
My luck is
changing. At least I'll
have a roof to keep off
most of the flying
varmint.

Now,
if only I can
find a decent
cafe.



Fairly
dry inside . . . even
a breeze coming
through.

Maybe
I'll just bed
down in here until
the ship comes back
to pick me
up.

That's
contrary to
orders, Observer
One.



A
snitch-scope!
Sneaky little rat - have
you been watching
me all the
time?

Your
orders are to
observe surface activity
and file a report, Zev. You
cannot possibly make
observations from
inside this
cavern.

All
right! All right!
I didn't really mean
it. See? I'm observing.
Oh, look at that! Oh, hey,
look over there! Say
now, that looks
interesting.



ROWLLL!

What
the screaming
hell . . . ?

Primitives!
And a giant set
of teeth right
behind them!



You
mustn't
interfere! You're an
observer
only!

cool
your jets.
I know the
law!

But if
I'm stuck here
for six weeks, I'm
going to have more
than you to
talk to!

Don't move! Stay where you are. That brute can't tell you from the rocks if you stand perfectly still.

Christ almighty, the goof ran right into its jaws! Don't you people know your meateaters?

Bomo! Kaba sum ebooba san!

Yamma nug e kaba jum! Kaba! Kaba!

Stick the gibbersh, girl. Your boyfriend has had it. And if we don't get a hustle on we'll be in similar hot soup!

Kaava-teebo sen! urubu!

There you go urubu! He can't follow us in there!

Then again...

God, he's tryin' to eat his way into the cave!

He's wedging apart the walls! If he keeps that up, he's going to cause a...

ROCKSLIDE!! Get back!

Phew! I hope you know another way out of this place, because we sure ain't going out the way we came in.

Urubu sklitch?

Yeah, urubu sklitch.

After several hours of useless searching for an alternate path out, Zev calls a rest. He uses the opportunity to try to speak with the girl, but to no result.

Was that your mate who jumped into that monster's stomach? Your brother? Attorney?

Oh, this is useless. I can't...

Brak eyuba n'shuba weh. Haraza... Rena.

How about it, Snitch? Can you translate any of that?

Only the tone of it. She seems to think that was a very brave thing you did back there. She's grateful to you for saving her life.

She apparently finds you attractive. Her name is Rena.

It is the girl herself who answers that question. No translation is necessary.

Zat so? Mine's Zev, Rena. Zev. Can you say that?

Oh, goddammit, she's so backward and ignorant. How can I hope to initiate any kind of meaningful communication with her?

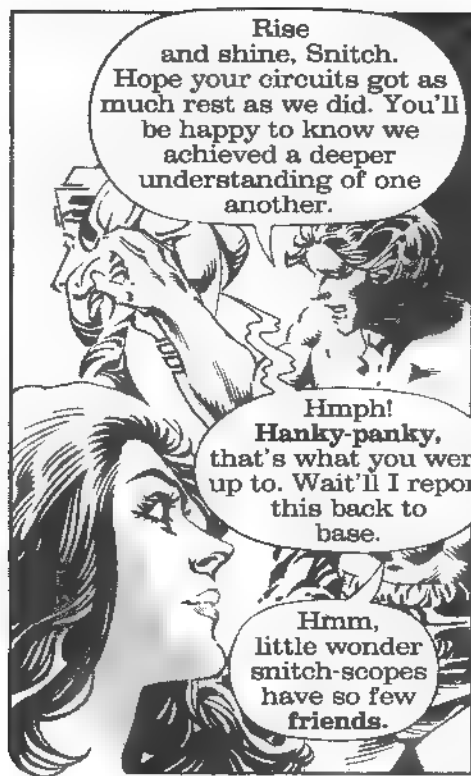
Hey, what—
\$ % * ! !

Um, listen, Snitch. I think I'm right on the verge of making a breakthrough with this girl. I'm going to try some new encounter measures I've learned.

See you in the morning.

Far above, the ship which sent Zev below hangs in orbit. Detailed data from the surface are received, processed, and patiently evaluated.

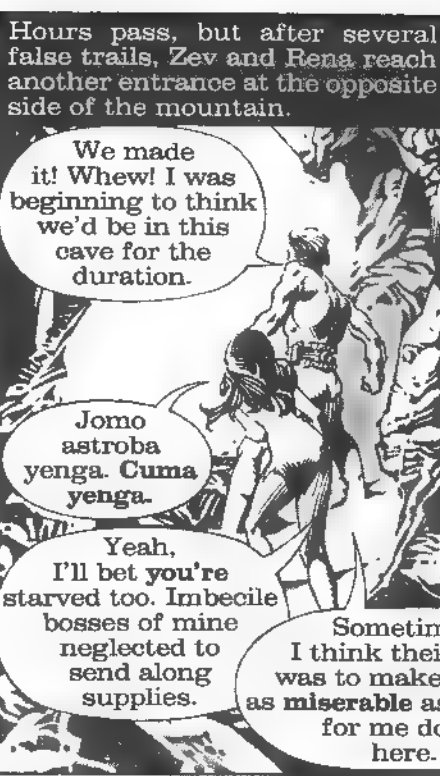
Only time now can say whether this superrace can amend their cataclysmic error, and save themselves from the darkest force of all.



Rise and shine, Snitch. Hope your circuits got as much rest as we did. You'll be happy to know we achieved a deeper understanding of one another.

Hmph! Hanky-panky, that's what you were up to. Wait'll I report this back to base.

Hmm, little wonder snitch-scopes have so few friends.



Hours pass, but after several false trails, Zev and Rena reach another entrance at the opposite side of the mountain.

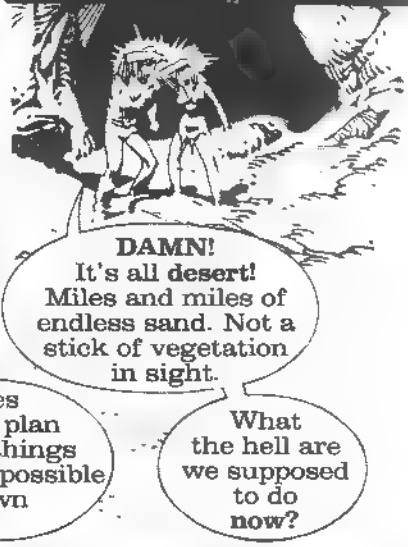
We made it! Whew! I was beginning to think we'd be in this cave for the duration.

Jomo astroba yenga. Cuma yenga.

Yeah, I'll bet you're starved too. Imbecile bosses of mine neglected to send along supplies.

Sometimes I think their plan was to make things as miserable as possible for me down here.

Yet as they emerge, a brilliant sun blazes on their faces. Hot, blistering sand stretches beyond their sight, filling the horizon. They see their escape from the smothering cave has led them now to a killing desert.



DAMN! It's all desert! Miles and miles of endless sand. Not a stick of vegetation in sight.

What the hell are we supposed to do now?



Braza ocaden lura fellasan. Sextar yun abrilziac. Meza ... meza a morte?

That's a mighty persuasive argument, missy. We can stay here and die, or we can go back into the cave and die.

Or ... or ...



Or we can go back over the mountain! My god that's what we'll do!

Serkska!?

No, I ain't crazy. It won't be easy, but with Snitch scouting a path for us, we should make it okay.

We gotta make it.



You keeping up, Snitch?

No difficulty here, Zev, and the girl too is in excellent condition. If anything, you are the weak link in this expedition.

Me? Are you kidding!? Stamina and perseverance, those are my bywords.

And wheezing and coronary, those are your last words.

The trio climbs, following ancient paths of unknown travelers. The snitch-scope was right; the trek is much harder for Zev than for the others, but the effort is helped by the pleasant—if frustrating—company of Rena.

You're such a mystery, Rena. I wish I could talk to you . . . learn about you, your people . . . life on this incredible planet.

B'tumis awelsa. Sa tahrog.

What are your customs? Religions? What do you do on a Saturday night . . . besides watching the lizards sink into the tarpits, I mean.

I know. Another dumb question.

Darkness comes rapidly, and they make camp for the night. They are hungry and exhausted, and according to Snitch, there is at least a half day's travel ahead. It is a depressing night, and nothing much is said between them.


At last, they arrive where they began. Before them lay the choking rain forests, swamps, and predators of this unforgiving world, but it is a welcome sight to them both.

Home, Rena. Food and water and our immediate needs.

Now comes the problem of living in earnest.


In time, Zev and Rena set about the task of building a shelter. Zev knows that Rena is incapable of hunting food for herself, and he is happy to help her, but he knows that cannot be for long.

Soon, Zev's mission will be over. He begins to regret what will become of the girl when he has gone.



This savage girl . . . how can I explain to her that I am not of her kind . . . and that in just a few weeks I must leave her behind . . . to starve, or worse?

This brainless lummox . . . I cannot decide whether he is worth using further, or if I should dispose of him now before he endangers my mission.



And high above the planet's atmosphere, a silver craft continues its relentless orbit, regarding the events below. Up to now, it has only watched and waited.

Soon, it will be time to act.

"THE HARVEST" REAPS PRAISE

In the letters page of 1984 #5, there wasn't one favorable comment nor one letter of praise for your story "The Harvest." I could not believe that so many people had so many negative things to say about a simple comic book fable.

I don't wish to beat a dead horse, nor belabor a moot point, but I do think the story was unjustly criticized and should be praised for its originality and boldy-stated premise.

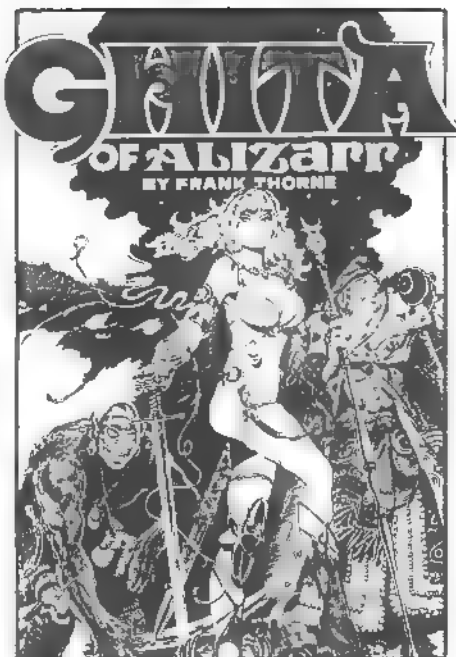
I agree with your purpose in printing the story, and understood when reading it that you were not advocating mass genocide of the negro race. And personally, I cannot see how anyone could have thought that you were.

I guess it aptly illustrates that comic book readers need to be a little more adult to understand what you're trying to say with 1984.

RENO STOWE
Tonka Bay, Minn.

I only wish that I could have taken the credit for writing a story as sensitive yet profoundly disturbing as "The Harvest."

BOB THORPE
Mt. Holly, N.J.



MORE RUDY NEBRES GET FRANK THORNE

Man, I love Rudy Nebres' art. Is there any chance you can get him to illustrate longer stories for 1984?

TITUS REEVES
Cameron, Texas

Because he is one of the most talented artists illustrating comics today, Rudy is very much sought after by all of the major comics publishers, Titus. He has promised, however, to devote more of his time to filling the pages of the Warren magazines, so you will definitely see much more of his work in the near future. There's a good chance many stories will be epics.

If you guys up there at Warren are so smart, howcum you haven't signed Frank Thorne to an exclusive ninety-nine year contract? His Red Sonja is the sexiest thing in comics. I can just imagine what he would do if turned loose in the sexually-liberated pages of 1984.

AUSTIN REDDICK
Afton, Virginia

What is it with our readers? All of a sudden they become amateur psychics. We've been negotiating with Frank for the past several months, Austin. And we're happy to report that he will, as you say, be unshackled from the chains of censorship which have so mercilessly bound him lo' these many years. He will let loose his wildest fantasies within the pages of 1984, in a brand new series entitled GHITA! Watch for it this summer. It is indeed provocative!

Address all correspondence to: INCOMING TELEMETRY, Warren Publishing,
145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

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The legend of She-Who-Must-Be-Okay begins in pharaonic Egypt, in the year B.C. 1021. Kallikrates, son of Analysts and Prince of Egypt, is erecting a magnificent shopping mall when he is smitten by the stoking of a beautiful girl slave published in the Scroll of Ra-Slaboom-Bah, a ribald parchment commissioned for the entertainment of Master Builders.



So taken is Kallikrates by the beauty in the scroll, he begins taking the girl to the hot spots of Egypt. Over night, she becomes part of the fast Giza crowd.

The girl's name is Ayesha, and is not a slave but a priestess of Isis, and only posed for the Hand-maiden of the Month rollout for the extra piasters.



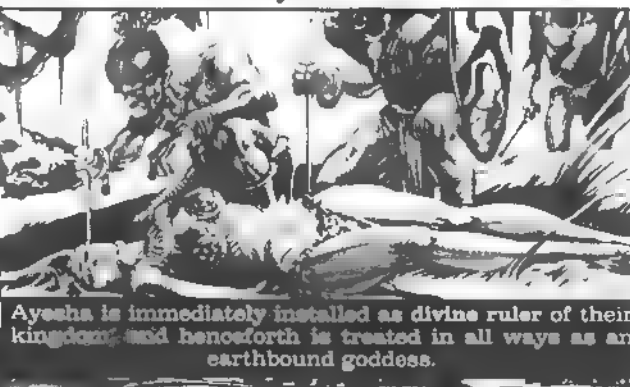
In the weeks to follow, Ayesha and Kallikrates become inseparable lovers, and gossip-mongers buzz of their imminent marriage.

But the joy is not to last. Kallikrates is an unfaithful dolt, and becomes involved with another handmaiden, named Amasartas, rousing the wrath of the insanely jealous Ayesha.



Discovering the two of them sharing a bed, Ayesha slays Kallikrates with a venomous spear through the breastbone.

Finally, her trek ends in the remote hills of Kor. Nearly dead when she is found by hunters of the Amahagger tribe, they mistake her for their goddess of sex, and hastily rescue her.



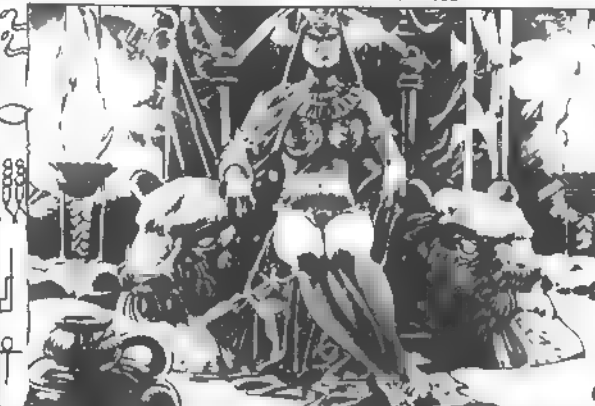
Ayesha is immediately installed as divine ruler of their kingdom, and henceforth is treated in all ways as an earthbound goddess.

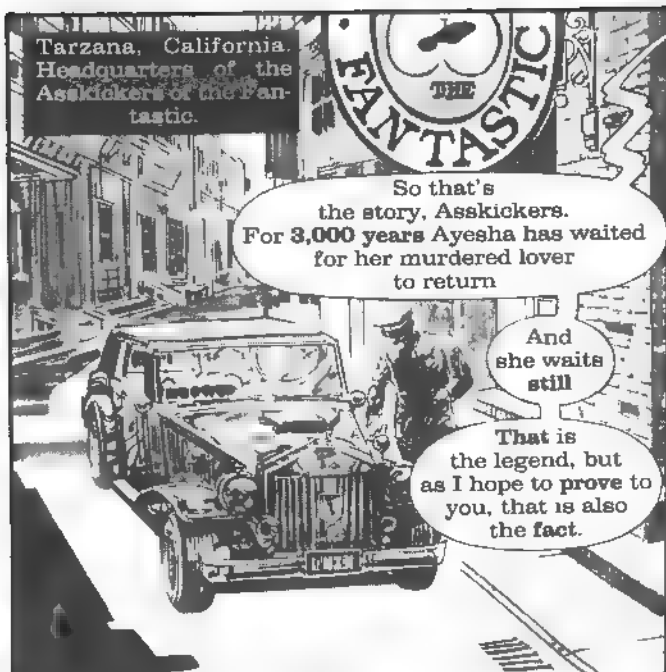
As a priestess of Isis, and thus holy, Ayesha is spared execution for her crime, and is instead banished to the desert, to let the goddess Isis do with her what is her will.



For weeks, Ayesha wanders alone across Africa, barely eking sustenance, only a nameless force driving her on.

And there, says legend, Ayesha yet rules today! Made immortal by means of dark magic, she waits in her mountain cave for the reincarnation of her lover Kallikrates to return to her.



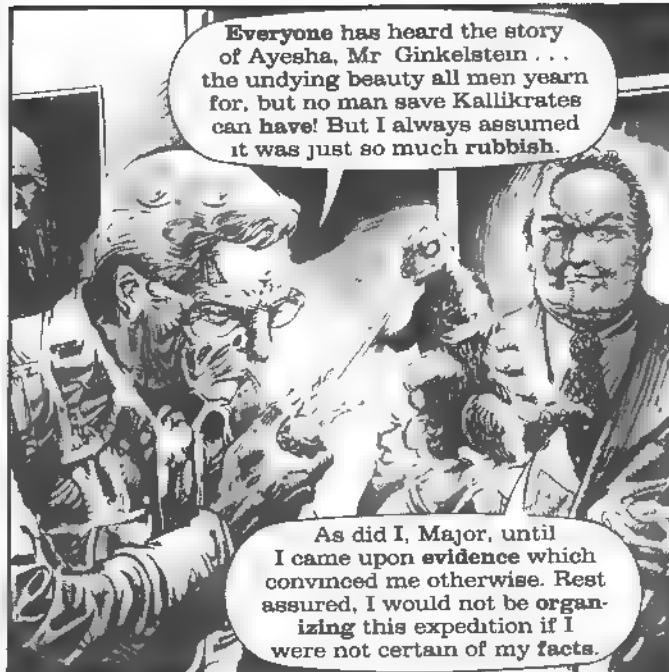


Tarzana, California.
Headquarters of the
Asskickers of the Fan-
tastic.

So that's
the story, Asskickers.
For 3,000 years Ayesha has waited
for her murdered lover
to return

And
she waits
still

That is
the legend, but
as I hope to prove to
you, that is also
the fact.



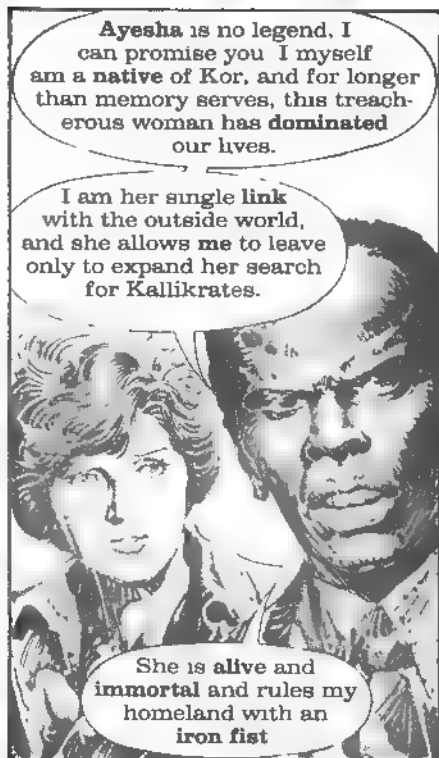
Everyone has heard the story
of Ayesha, Mr Ginkelstein ...
the undying beauty all men yearn
for, but no man save Kallikrates
can have! But I always assumed
it was just so much rubbish.

As did I, Major, until
I came upon evidence which
convinced me otherwise. Rest
assured, I would not be organ-
izing this expedition if I
were not certain of my facts.



And what
facts are those.
Mr. Ginkelstein? Have
you got her waiting
in the car?

Not quite that, Miss
Zagwides But I do know
precisely where to find her. This
fellow here, Mr. Bong, who I dis-
covered during my months of
research, can confirm
what I say.



Ayesha is no legend, I
can promise you I myself
am a native of Kor, and for longer
than memory serves, this treach-
erous woman has dominated
our lives.

I am her single link
with the outside world,
and she allows me to leave
only to expand her search
for Kallikrates.

She is alive and
immortal and rules my
homeland with an
iron fist



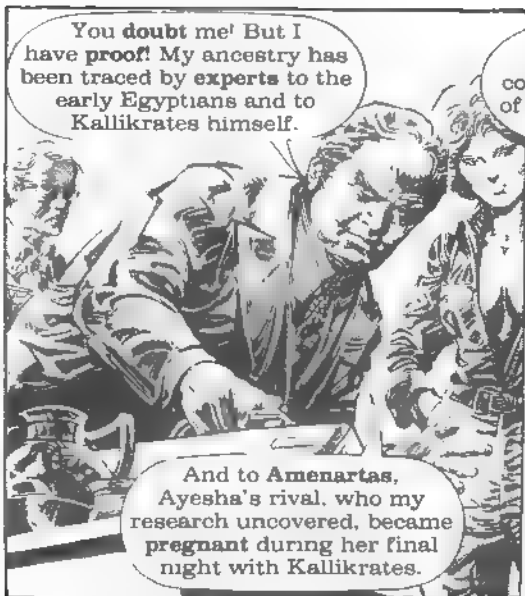
So what's your
interest in this expedition.
Ginkelstein? Why do you
wanna find She?

Yeah
you're Ginkelstein
the Ballbearing King.
What's a wealthy fatcat like you
want to go slogging around
the African jungle for?



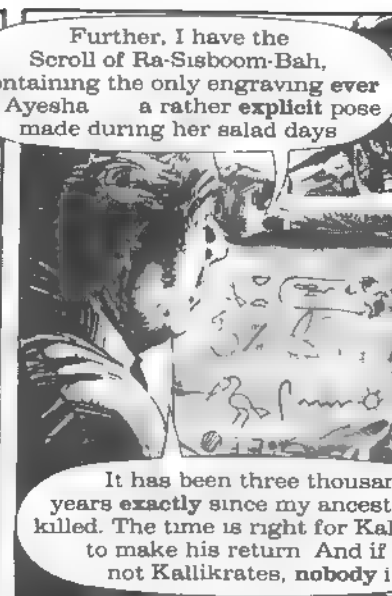
Because I am
Kallikrates, Prince of
Egypt ... living Apollo slain
by Ayesha and now reborn
after thirty centuries.

Now see
here



You doubt me! But I have **proof!** My ancestry has been traced by experts to the early Egyptians and to Kallikrates himself.

And to Amenartas, Ayesha's rival, who my research uncovered, became pregnant during her final night with Kallikrates.



Further, I have the Scroll of Ra-Sisboom-Bah, containing the only engraving ever of Ayesha in a rather explicit pose made during her salad days

It has been three thousand years exactly since my ancestor was killed. The time is right for Kallikrates to make his return. And if I'm not Kallikrates, **nobody** is!



WOW!

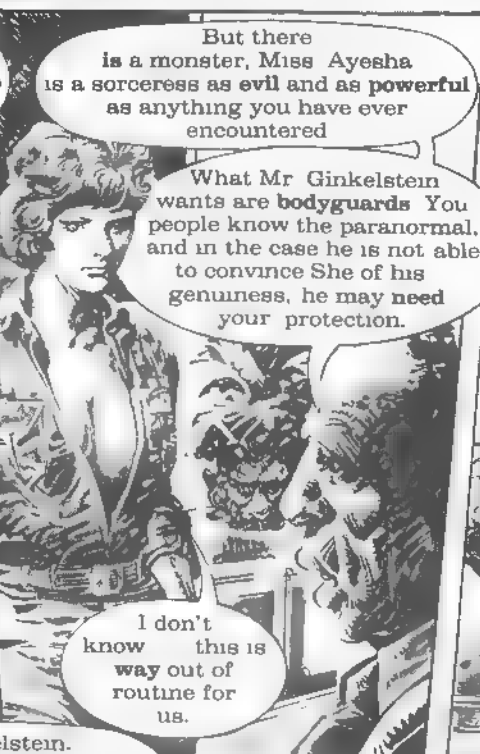
Good Lord! A dirty scroll!

Man, she's really something!

Oh, I don't know...



But how can this involve us, Mr. Ginkelstein? We're professional **monster-extractors**, and if you have no monsters for us to dispose of we can't **help** you!



But there is a monster, Miss Ayesha is a sorceress as evil and as **powerful** as anything you have ever encountered

What Mr Ginkelstein wants are **bodyguards**. You people know the paranormal, and in the case he is not able to convince She of his genuiness, he may need your protection.

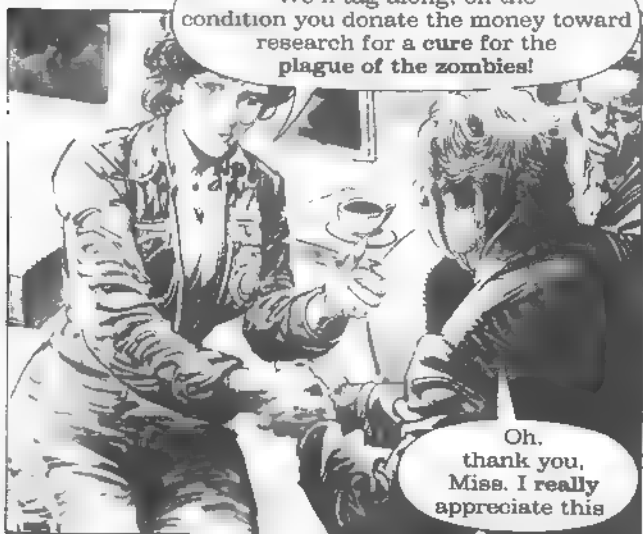
I don't know this is way out of routine for us.



Would you risk a change of routine for a trip to Africa, and a \$1,000,000 gift to the Asekickers' favorite charity?

Why a charity?

Or whatever



Okay, Mr Ginkelstein. We'll tag along, on the condition you donate the money toward research for a cure for the **plague of the zombies!**

Oh, thank you, Miss. I really appreciate this



There was no other choice, Mr Ginkelstein. Because there's no way you're going to get your scroll back unless the boys get to see this woman in the **flesh**.

Gasp!



REX HAVOP

and the
ASSKICKERS
of the FANTASTIC



Days later, the Asskickers, with Bong and Ginkelstein, chug their way up the fearful Zambesi River, near the east coast of Africa. As they go, the sounds of the jungle seem to follow them; tremendous howls and shrieks, like corkscrews up the back, echo all about, unnerving the expedition. And that's just the insects.

YAHOOO! NOOBA NOOOO

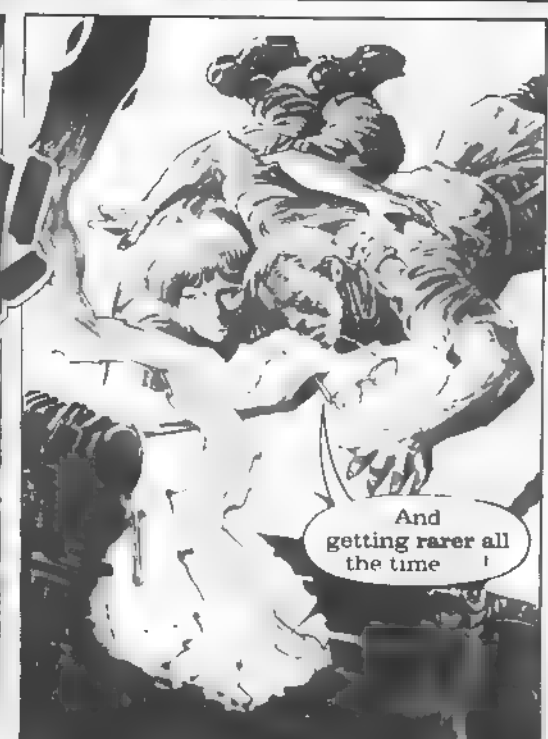
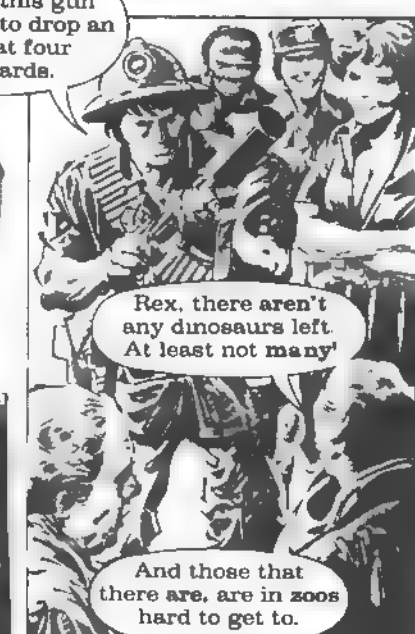
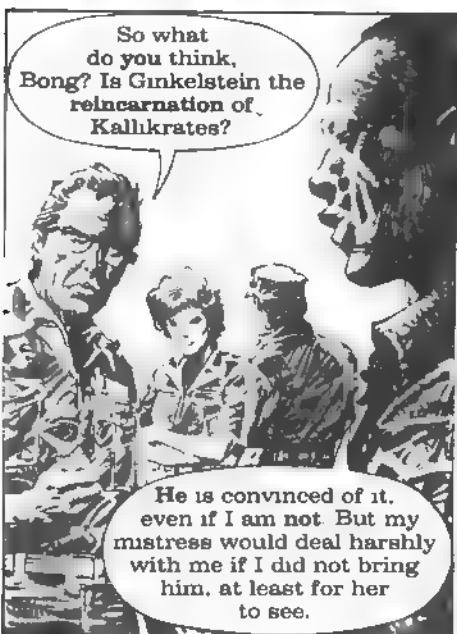
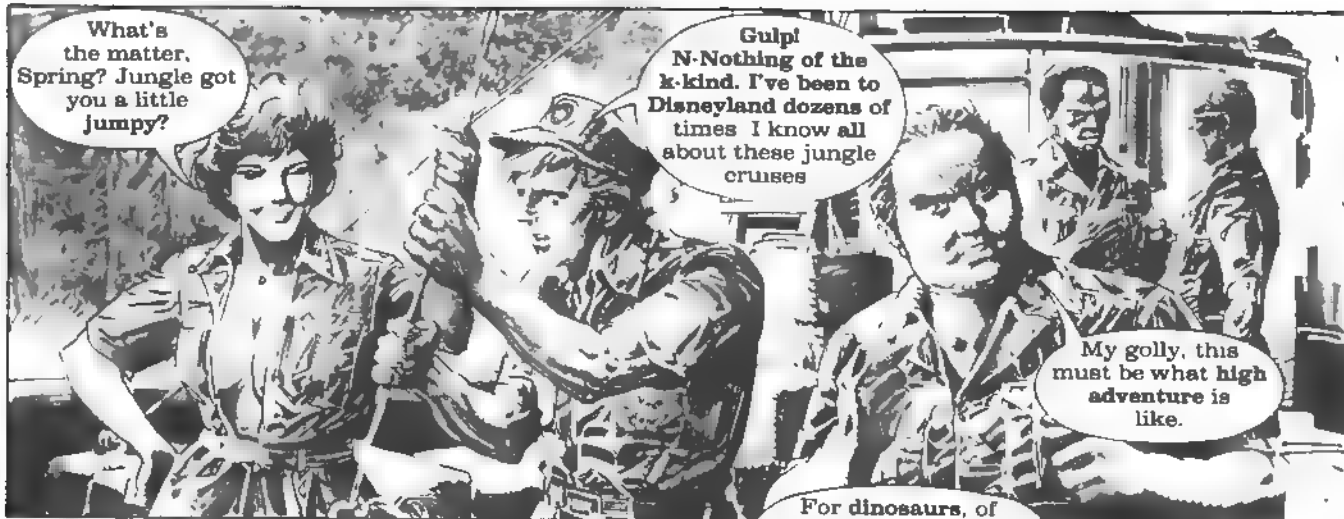
CAW CAW WEEEEE

COOEEEEE!

Already
I don't like this
mission

EEEEEE! CACAW YAAO

**SHE WHO-MUST-
-BE-OKAY!**

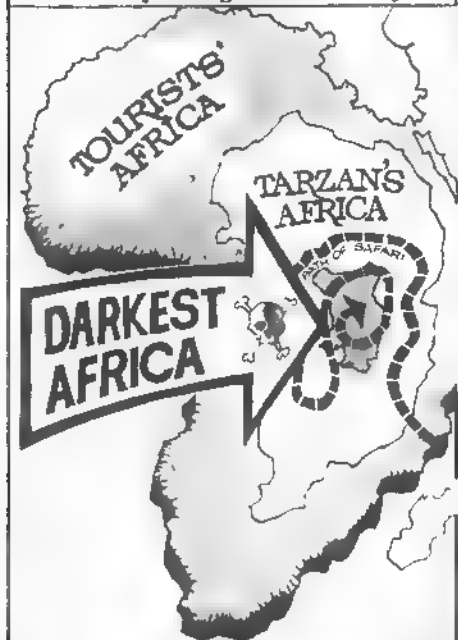


Proceeding inland, the group gathers native bearers and spear carriers, and begins their trek to where no white men, and few black men, and, oh, maybe half a dozen orientals have ever gone before.



Fearlessly they flee across the African plains, boldly averting every hazard, unflinching in their retreat from sudden danger.

The journey is long and perilous, taking them deep into Africa's unexplored wilds, where at every turn they are met by snakes, crocodiles and man-eating plants and Congorillas and ferocious endangered species that would sooner eat your leg off as look at you.

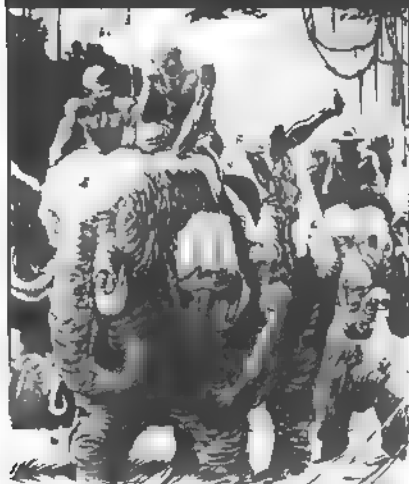


The safari presses on, fording mountains, climbing rivers, crossing ghastly chasms on narrow foot-bridges with lots of people on them, losing many native bearers.

Deeper, deeper they go... across dreadful swamps, between warring nations, risking life and limb as they scale sheer cliff faces, and losing many native bearers.



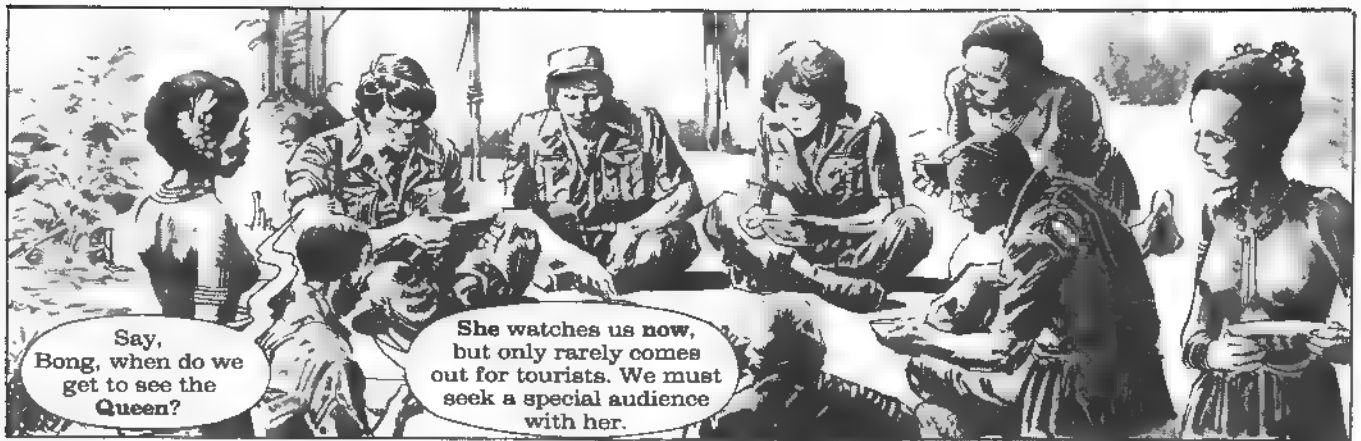
And still they go forward, driving ever deeper into the savage frontier, by car, by long-bed truck, by mule train, and finally by elephant caravan...



And losing many native bearers!

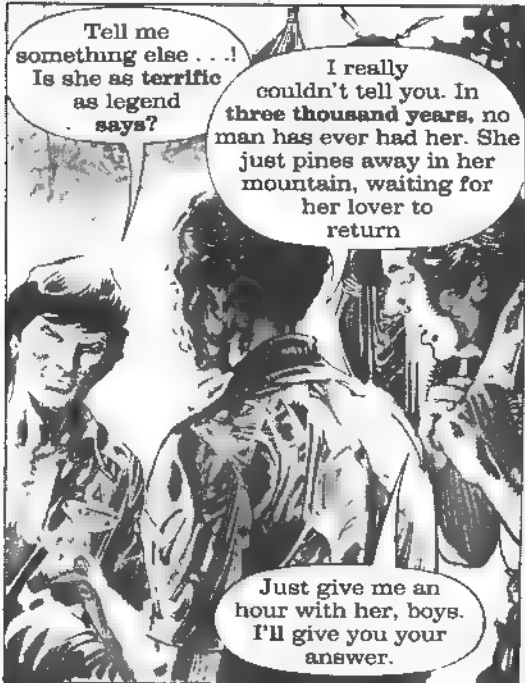
At long last, the safari reaches its destination: the lost kingdom of Kor, identified by the phenomenal rock wall nearby which in the correct light seems to resemble a colossal gorilla boy. Beyond it lay the secret gate to the ancient and forgotten city...





Say, Bong, when do we get to see the Queen?

She watches us now, but only rarely comes out for tourists. We must seek a special audience with her.



Tell me something else...! Is she as terrific as legend says?

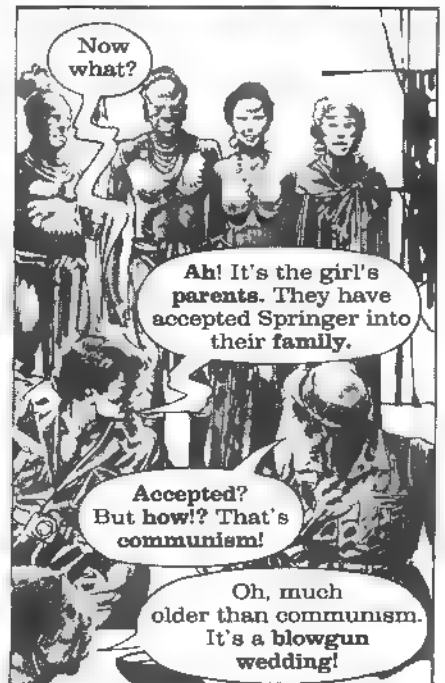
I really couldn't tell you. In three thousand years, no man has ever had her. She just pines away in her mountain, waiting for her lover to return

Just give me an hour with her, boys. I'll give you your answer.



I wish I could share your joke, gentlemen. But how could you know this witch who has oppressed my people for centuries? How could you know the tortures of her direful mountain... even sacrifices to Isis in return for her gift of immortality?

Had I the opportunity I, uh... perhaps I've said too much. The huts have ears.

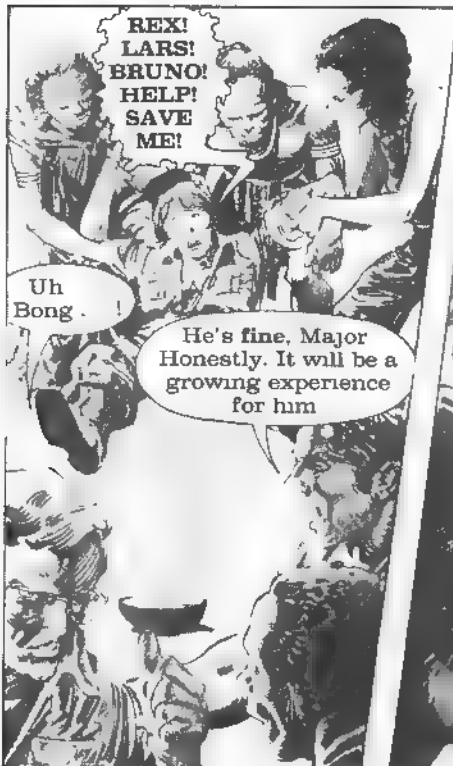


Now what?

Ah! It's the girl's parents. They have accepted Springer into their family.

Accepted? But how!? That's communism!

Oh, much older than communism. It's a blowgun wedding!



REX! LARS! BRUNO! HELP! SAVE ME!

Uh Bong.

He's fine, Major. Honestly. It will be a growing experience for him



Hahaha! The people are so friendly here. They have a smile for everyone!



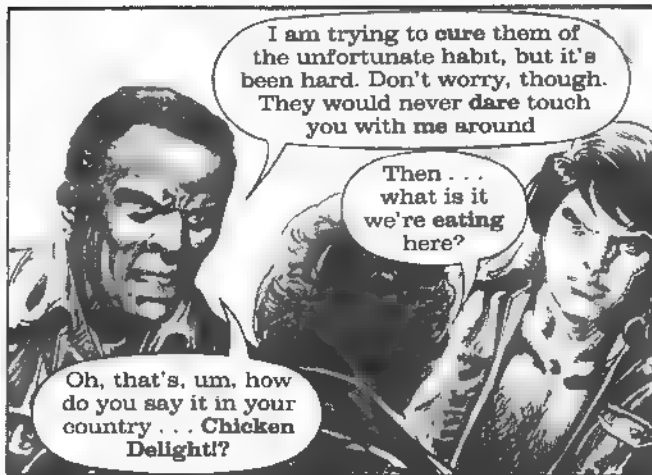
They're cannibals, you know.

Gasp! Chef's Surprise!?



You mean, the P-P-People-Who-Lust-After-The-Flesh, lust after the . . . gulp! flesh!?

We never et a man we didn't like.



I am trying to cure them of the unfortunate habit, but it's been hard. Don't worry, though. They would never dare touch you with me around

Then . . . what is it we're eating here?

Oh, that's, um, how do you say it in your country . . . Chicken Delight!?



HEY! LOOK OUT!



CEASE!!



What are ye doing, ye rebellious dogs? Dare ye disobey my royal command?

No, ye say? Ye be lying to me too!

Kiss! Kiss! Smack!



Bong! I depend on thee to control your people. I will tolerate tourist in my realm, but I will not have them cooked and eaten!

It was an accident, She. I knew not what these men were about. Pray be merciful with them, Oh Queen . . . such ways die hard

Enough! I have had trouble with these three before!



I hereby pronounce these wolves to be dead

So!

Watch out!

Yipe!



Watch it, gang. She's the genuine article. We've got a real sorceress on our hands

Quick, Lars. What's our plan?

Plan!?



Thanks be to thee, Oh Queen, for swift and fair judgement of--

Aye And I have brought friends to meet you from America!

Cutteth the crap, Bong. Did you bring back my cigarettes and newspapers?



How do you do, ma'am? I have some papers here I think you'll be interested in. affadavits, geneological charts, ancient artifacts. 'No, wait, that's my underwear!

Take these infidels and beddeth them down. Visitor camping overnight is \$6 per person with meals extra.



Six dollars!?! That's outrageous! I'm gonna kick her She butt!

Quiet, Rex! We don't know what we're up against, yet!

Rex?



He called you "Rex" did he, not?

Yeah. What's it to you?

Rex means "king" in the Latin tongue. And there is a resemblance!



Bong, can it be so? At long last? After so many years of waiting? Bong, can it be... **KALLIKRATES!?**

My love! My love! I have found thee at last!!

What? What???



No! No! There's been a terrible mistake! I am the one! I am Kallikrates!

Begone, baboon, lest ye dampeneth the happiest day of my life!



Keep away, witch! Don't go gettin' no funny ideas!

Ah, you have no memories of us. No matter. The spirit of Kallikrates still lives within you, and the Fire of Life will bring it to the surface

Too long I have waited to taste thee again

Kiss me, you fool!



Stop her! Hold him!

Stand away, fools! I warn you. I have gone too long to be thwarted now

He is MINE. . .



And by the gods, I WILL HAVE HIM!

So!



Man called Rex... now you will come with me...!

Minutes after She and Rex depart, the others stir to consciousness

Damn me! I thought She was just some hyperactive male fantasy. I should have been prepared for this!

Now she's got Rex. I have to go after them

No, that is no good. The Great Cave is a labyrinth of snaking tunnels and secret passages. Hasty pursuit will surely get you lost forever.

I know another way into the cave, which will get us past Ayesha's guards undetected

But if we go, we must be prepared to kill her for there is no other way we will possibly come out of that cave alive.

And within Ayesha's mammoth cave, Rex is finding himself towed through a labyrinth of snaking tunnels and secret passages

Pulled along as if by an invisible leash, Rex bobs past dungeons, and caves of torture, the walls stained of ancient (and in some, not so ancient) blood.

Past caves no man has seen the end of, down they go. Past sweat shops where hundreds toil, fashioning tourist souvenirs - bogus King Tut treasures, scarabs, statuettes... with cheap materials and spray-painted gold

SHECO
BETTER SOUVENIRS FOR 3000 YEARS

And deeper yet, into the very heart of the mountain, past the research lab and computer rooms.

SHECO
RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

And finally winding up in She's private office.

Hold all my calls for the rest of the afternoon. I don't want to be disturbed

Inside Ayesha's private office (actually, office and private bedchamber), Rex is shown to a seat.

Ooooff!

You are dismissed, guard. Wait outside

Oh Isis,
Queen of Harlots,
Mother of Dust, your
obedient servant thanks
thee for delivering my
prince at last!

You have kept
your promise, and we
are yours, Great Isis,
to serve thee until
the end of time

Groan!
What the ding dong
hell is goin' on around
here? Where am I?

You are home,
my love Your long journey
is over. Three thousand years
the gods have punished me . . . made
me languish in this rathole!
But at long last my vigil
is at an end.

Thou hast
returned to me,
Kallikrates!

Vile sorceress!
You won't destroy
me with your dark
magic! Try this
barbecue on
for size!

You want to kill
me, but you cannot summon
the strength to do so. You
want only to obey me . . .
to do my every
bidding

Unnghh!

I see there
is much you do not
comprehend, my love.
This will come when you have
been completely reborn.
But for now, I will
tell you this story !

Kallikrates
was my lover . . .
a Prince of Egypt
before I didst slay
him in a jealous
rage. For that I
was banished to die
in the desert.

But the goddess Isis
didst leadeth me to this place
to Kor . . . and she promised that
the reincarnation of my prince
would one day return to me, in
trade for some incidental
sacrifices

Think to your past, my
love Back to the great wars
putting slaves to the sword .
looting cities and sacrificing
virgins! Think hard. Do not
memories stir?

Oh, my brave
one, how cruelly the
gods do jest. They have
given thee a spilt brain this
lifetime. But fear not The
Fire of Life will repair
us both

Now at length
thou hast returned.
You are Kallikrates,
my beautiful, strong
one. You are my
Lord.

I am
Kalli-
krates . . .

Mmmm . . . nope.
All I get is werewolves
and monsters and stuff. We
must be on different
channels.

So happy
we will be
And you need
never stray
from me again
for I can satisfy
you as no other
woman can

Let me
show you .



Behold, my precious! By magic I can become all the women you would ever want . . . !

Marie Antoinette!

Joan of Arc!

Annie Hall!

JOAN OF ARC

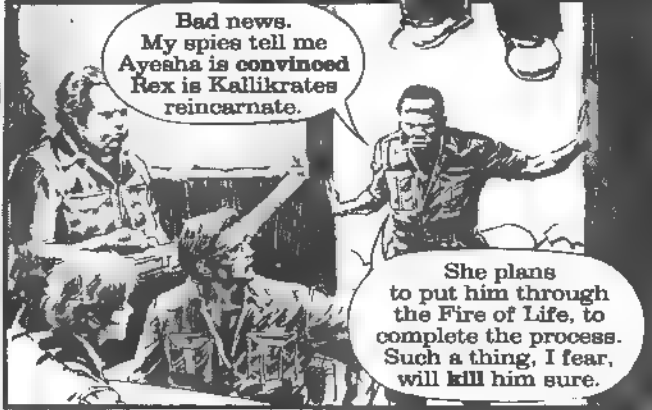
Do you see the glories that lay ahead for us? You will be immortal, with many new wars and conquests ahead of you. And I will be at your side, to satisfy you in every way. Can you understand what I am saying, man Rex?

Yeah, I think so. You want me to shack up with you. Is that it?

Look upon me in my nakedness, man Rex. Behold what men for thousands of years have yearned to possess, yet which I have saved only for you.



Gah!



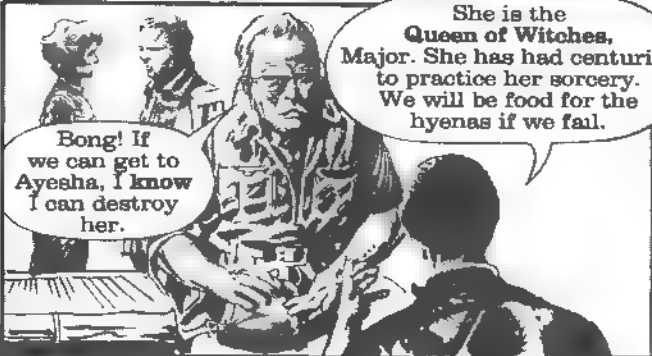
Bad news. My spies tell me Ayesha is convinced Rex is Kallikrates reincarnate.

She plans to put him through the Fire of Life, to complete the process. Such a thing, I fear, will kill him sure.



Mr. Ginkelstein, I'm very sorry. I wish things could have worked out better for you.

She's . . . just not the same, sweet girl I used to know.



She is the Queen of Witches, Major. She has had centuries to practice her sorcery. We will be food for the hyenas if we fail.

Bong! If we can get to Ayesha, I know I can destroy her.



However, it seems Rex is the only one unconcerned with his predicament. For, some hours later . . .

Bath looks good, my darling. Mind if I join you?

C'mon in, the milk is fine.



I appreciate that.

Three guys and a lass . . . We kick ass . . .

I just want you to know, dearest, that although many men have lusted after me in our years apart, I have always remained faithful to thee.



You see . . . I'm not such an ogress, am I? Tell me, loved one, do you still remember nothing of our past life together?

Mmmmm, let me think. Nope! Nothing!



Then gaze upon the bathwater . . . and see for yourself the way we were. To Egypt, centuries past, to a happier time for both of us!

So!

Such magic!



And to the tragedy itself . . . when my wicked jealousy of the woman Amenartas did enrage me, and I slew thee with a spear through the breadbasket

Yeah! There's me, and you, and there's Bruno! It's just like TV!



B-Bruno!?

Sure! You saw her back at the village!

Hiya, Bruno! We're taking a bath!



Amenartas! Still she banes me! Why did I not see it? Accursed her, everlastingly accursed her!

She will try to undo everything! We must hasten!



Come, my prince. We go now to the Fire of Life.

I obey, oh She.



Meanwhile, Bong has directed the others to a secret entrance.

Just Bong and me go in, Bruno. You hang back.

No sense in all of us getting killed on this fool mission, girl. Watch after Springer and Mr Ginkelstein. See they don't wind up in the stew-pot while we're gone.

But I want to come along. Rex is in some terrible danger. I just know it!



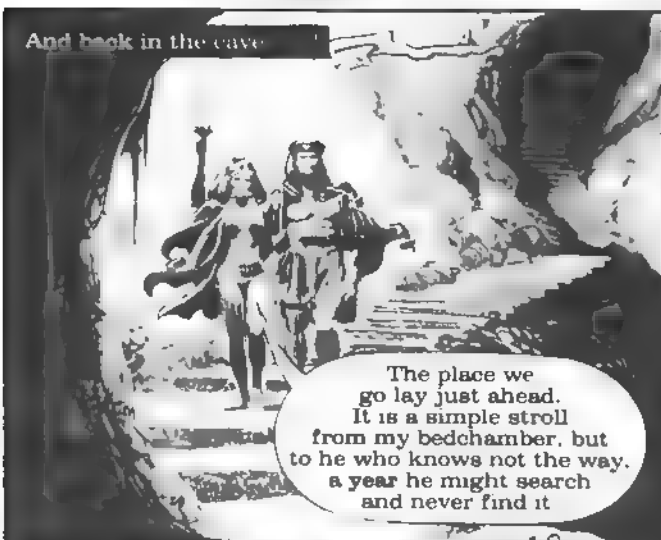
This elevator will take us down to the lower levels. Are you ready?

Shoot the works, Bong.



If he thinks for one minute that all I'm going to do is stand around and do nothing, he's crazy.

My golly, this is getting interesting, is it not?

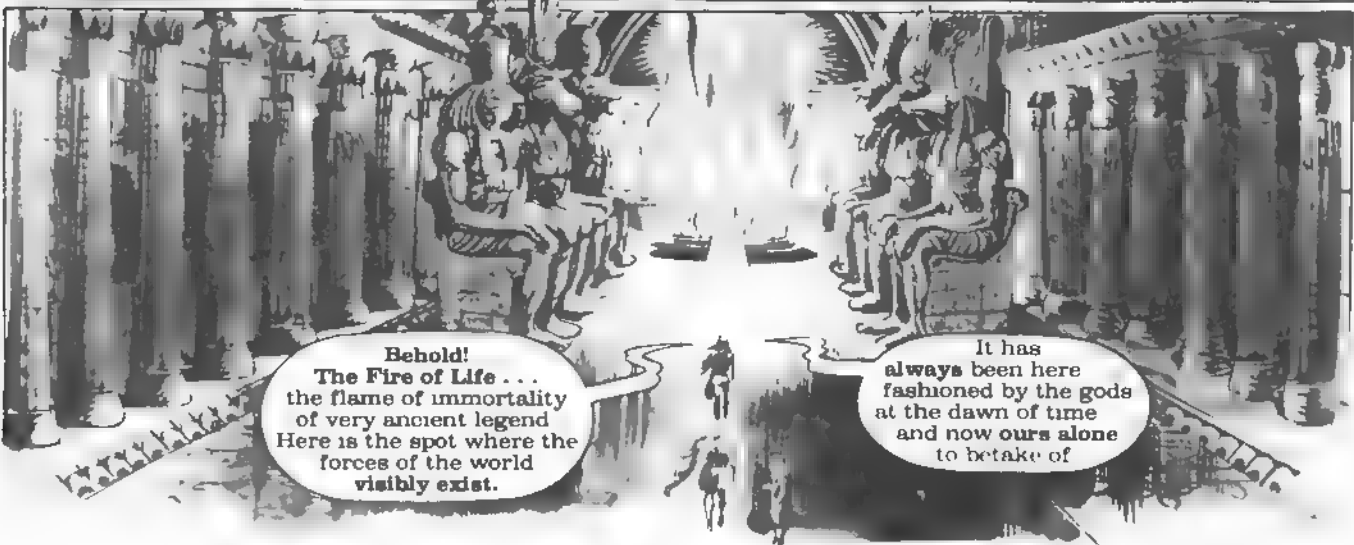


And back in the cave

The place we go lay just ahead. It is a simple stroll from my bedchamber, but to he who knows not the way, a year he might search and never find it.



Beyond this door lay what no mortal eyes have ever seen. Only the chosen may enter here.



Behold! The Fire of Life... the flame of immortality of very ancient legend. Here is the spot where the forces of the world visibly exist.

It has always been here fashioned by the gods at the dawn of time and now ours alone to betake of.

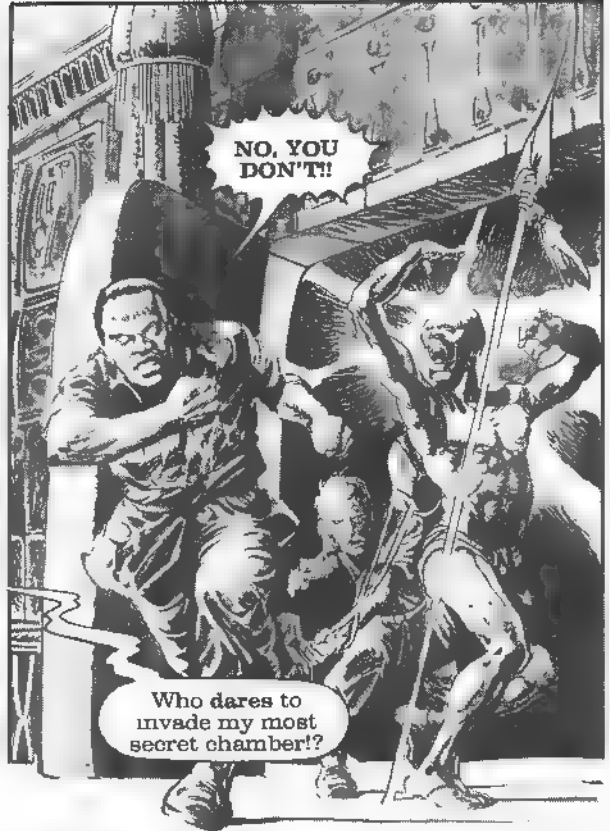


Here is the place I repair myself periodically . . . to retain my youthful beauty. Here is the place the man Rex will become the immortal Kallikrates



The flame is hot yet, but soon it will be cool and pleasant and we will be able to enter it.

Approach me, Kallikrates. Be at my side and we will enter together.



NO, YOU DON'T!

Who dares to invade my most secret chamber!?



We dare to invade, O bloody Queen! And we dare much more!

Bong? My trusted one? For what purpose doest thee blaspheme this hallowed place?



Hang tight, Rex. We'll have you rescued in a second

We've come to end your too-long life, Witch Queen that the people of Kor may be free at last of your villainy.

Speak not to me of my subjects! They are but cringing dogs put here in my service.

And you, Bong, dog that thou art, have breached my most sacred of temples with your trivial grievances!



Kallikrates, my prince . . . kill the intruders!

H Hey!

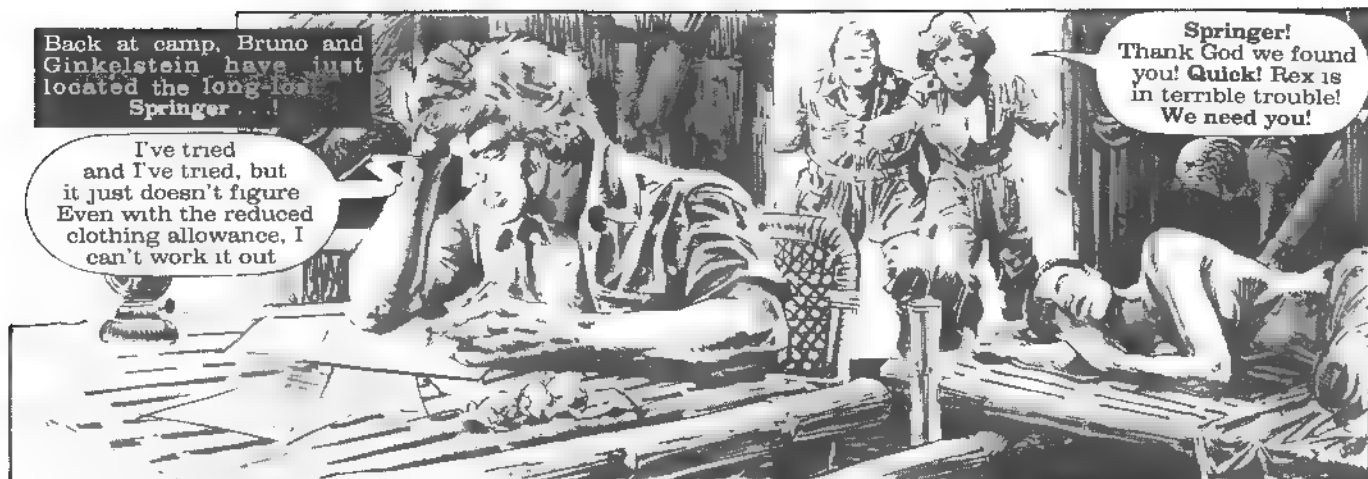
Kill . . . intruders . . . !

Look out! He is bewitched!

Back at camp, Bruno and Ginkelstein have just located the long-lost Springer...

I've tried and I've tried, but it just doesn't figure. Even with the reduced clothing allowance, I can't work it out.

Springer! Thank God we found you! Quick! Rex is in terrible trouble! We need you!



Bruno, I've gotta quit the Assknuckers. I'm just not making enough money to support a family. I'm a married man now.

Maybe I can drive a cement truck... or go into business with my father-in-law.

Snap out of it! Rex is in trouble! And probably Lars and Bong by now! We have to go after them right away!

Meanwhile

Stop! Demon sorceress! By the ghost of Cotton Mather, your will is mine! 'Tis salt, common salt, but bane to all witches! You are in my power, Ayesha!

Lava? What? Did she say lava or java?

Salt! And cold iron! You are a helpless slave to my command. Oh She!

Wha—? Rex... Lars... in trouble? We... we gotta help them!

Just let me clear it with the wife first.

Better yet, throw them into the lava.

Springer! What the hell are you garbling about?

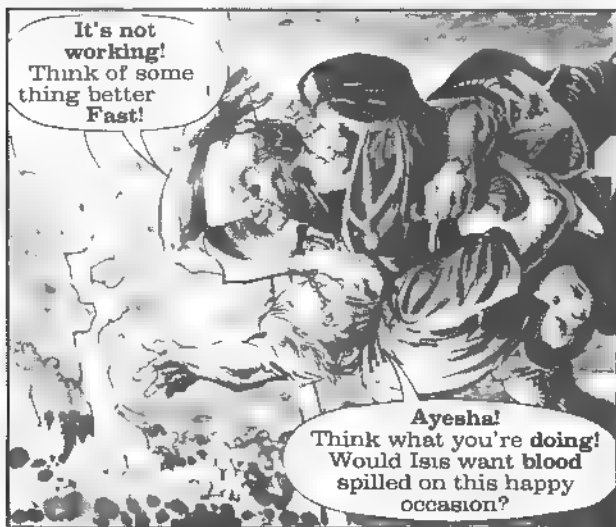
It's not working! Think of some thing better Fast!

Ayesha! Think what you're doing! Would Isis want blood spilled on this happy occasion?

Perhaps... perhaps it would be wiser to wait. It will be a simple enough matter to dispose of you afterward.

Release them. Kalikrates

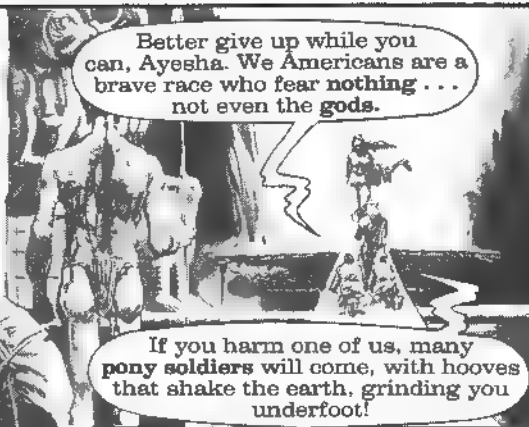
I obey, Oh She!



And outside the open doors of the secret chamber



Better give up while you can, Ayesha. We Americans are a brave race who fear nothing . . . not even the gods.



If you harm one of us, many pony soldiers will come, with hooves that shake the earth, grinding you underfoot!

Where is the woman Amenartas? Does she thinketh so little of her lover that she will not fight with you for him?



Amenartas?

I think she means your teammember . . . Bruno. She's madder than I thought.

No matter! It is too late for her! It is too late for anyone!



The Fire of life is ready! And no matter what this man was to your world, today he becomes my Kallikrates again!

Come forth, Oh Kallikrates. Bathe in the fire and take thy place among the pharaohs.



NOT SO FAST, QUEENIE!

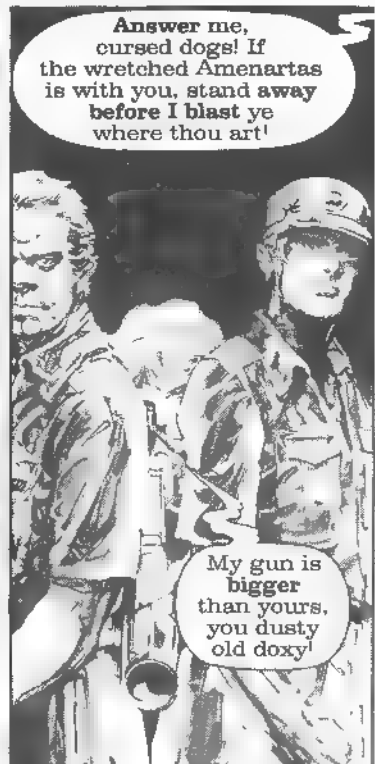


More intruders!? Come forward! Is the woman Amenartas with you?



You guys walk ahead I'll give her a big surprise.

Answer me, cursed dogs! If the wretched Amenartas is with you, stand away before I blast ye where thou art!

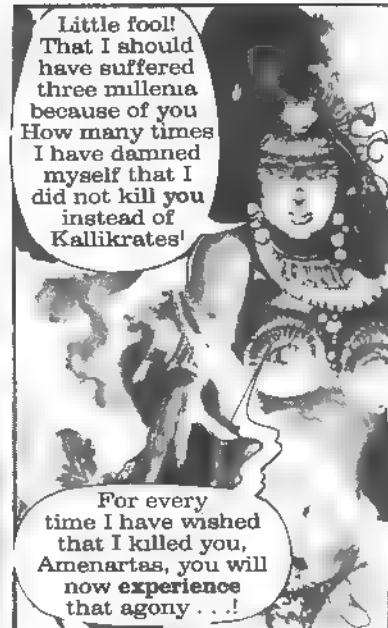


My gun is bigger than yours, you dusty old doxy!



I want my man back, Ayesha! Let's see how immortal you are against a dinosaur gun!

How delightfully absurd! A human made weapon against one who is nearly a goddess! You will make this a truly unforgettable revenge!



Little fool! That I should have suffered three millenia because of you. How many times I have damned myself that I did not kill you instead of Kallikrates!

For every time I have wished that I killed you, Amenartas, you will now experience that agony ...!



Suddenly, Ginkelstein flies into the air.

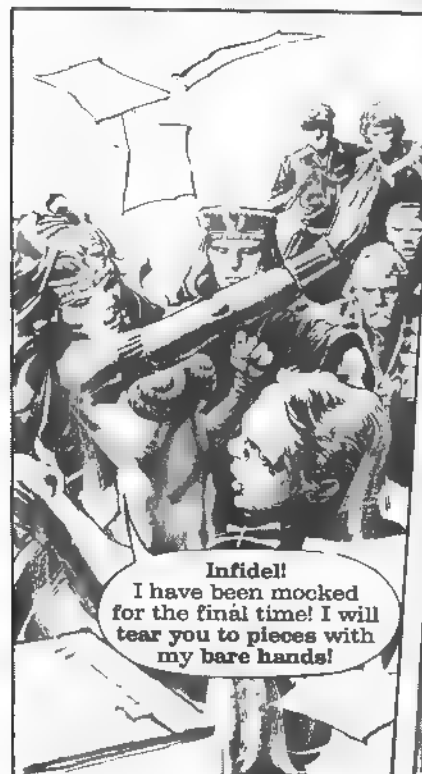
O-O-Okay, Ayesha. That will be enough of that I want to talk to you . now!

Wha-a-!?



Get out! Get out! A commoner must not enter the flames!

No, I won't! Now you listen to me, doggone it! I am Kallikrates reborn, and I have the facts to back me up. Look at these papers ...!



Infidel! I have been mocked for the final time! I will tear you to pieces with my bare hands!



But then, as Ayesha's hands wrap around Ginkelstein's throat, an astounding transformation occurs ...!

Wouldst thou slay me a second time, Ayesha?

KALLIKRATES!!



Oh my stars! Ginkelstein! He really was Kallikrates all the time!

Wha-?! I-I...!

Rex! He's coming out of it!

Quick, Rex! Get away from there!



So long,
my friend. Here's
hoping you and your people
can make a better future
for yourselves, now that
Ayesha is gone
forever.

Thank you,
Major. Now that the
Witch Queen is dead, my people
are free to seek the outside
world . . . to become lawyers, and
politicians, and ad men,
and . . . hmm. What are we
getting into?

Hey
everybody Don't
forget me! Bong just
got me a divorce!
I'm coming home
with you!

Great, Springer.
Do I dare ask what
bizarre ritual was
involved in getting
the divorce?

Sure!
Fifteen dollars
. . . plus tax!

How about
it, Rex? Feeling
bad about not being
a pharaoh
anymore?

Nah! I
couldn't
live
without
my pals.

Gee, I guess
that means we don't
get the dough from
Ginkelstein. We don't
get a thing for all
our trouble.

The Scroll
of Ra-Sisboom-Bah!
Of course! It must
be worth a
fortune!

Still
got this.

Sorry
about the lava
business, Lars. Little
tart had me pussy-
whipped.

Put your
tongues back in
your mouths, boys. This
will be sold at auction,
and the money given
to charity,
remember?

Ohhh,
Bruno.

Gee whiz.

You don't
leave us
nothing.

Coming?

Be along
in a minute,
Bruno. Just want to
ask Rex
something.

Eh, man's
talk.

Rex, as
the only man who
knows . . . who's gotten
close enough to Ayesha
in centuries . . . you
gotta tell us . . .

Was She
really . . .
Okay?

Boys,
She wasn't
okay . . .

She was
terrific!

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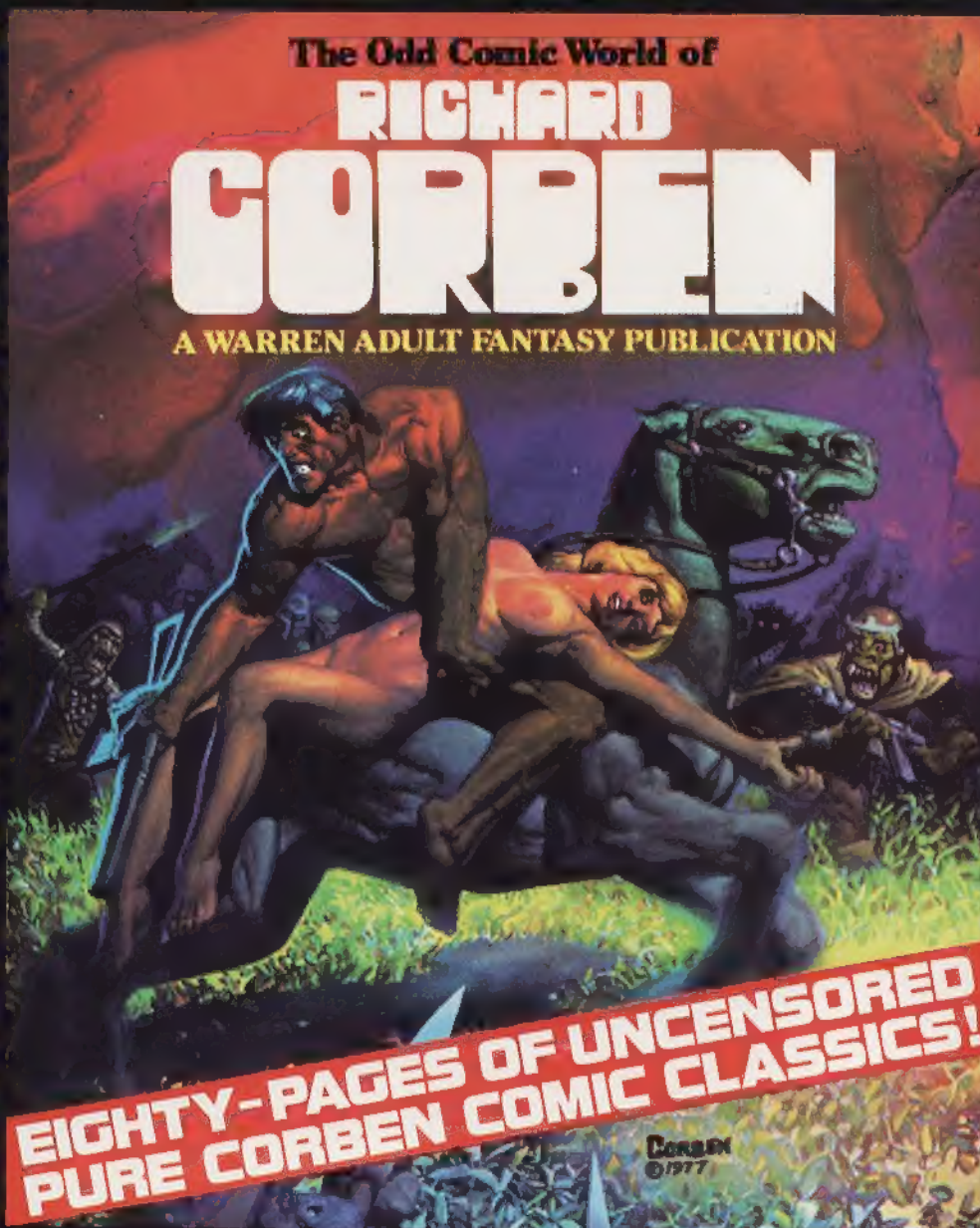
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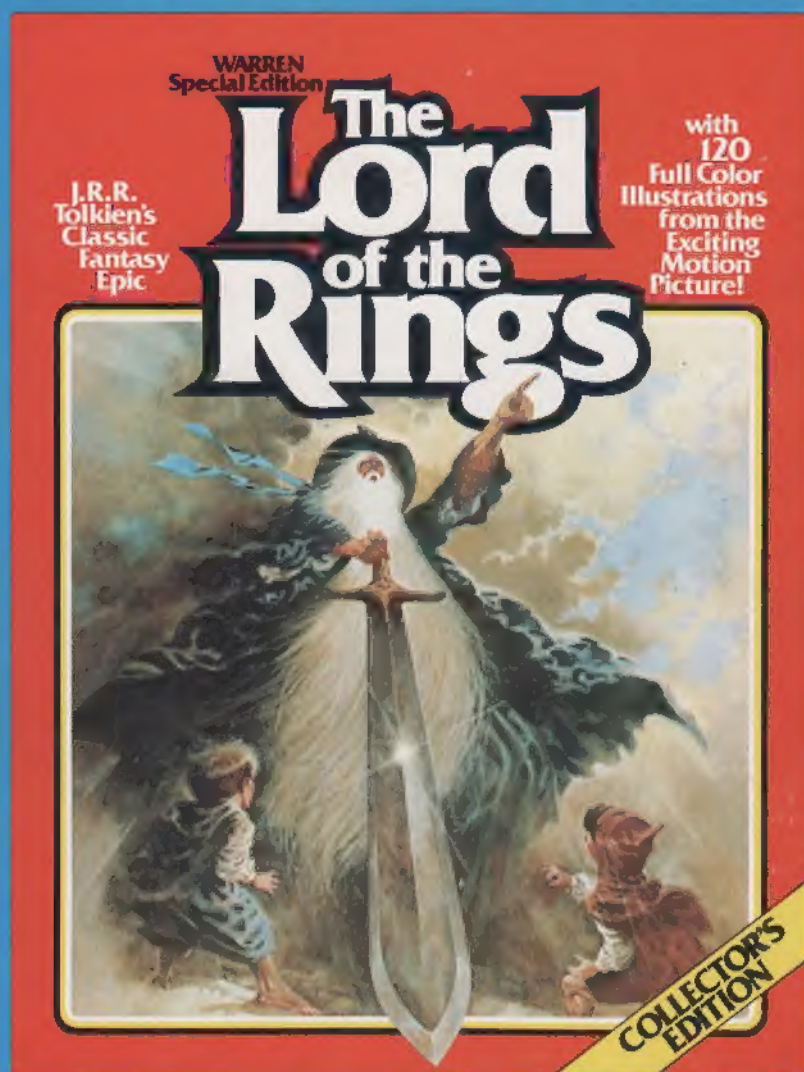
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